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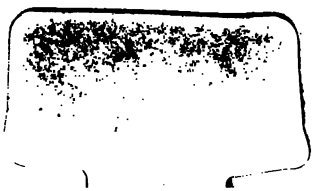

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

BEN. HARDACRE.

Well!—be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
"Within the limits of becoming mirth."
—*Hood.*

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1874.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Pres 7/94 O.K.

TO HIS VERY GENEROUS FRIEND,

MR. RICHARD HOLT,

WHO HAS A KEEN RELISH FOR HUMOUR AND
IS HIMSELF A HUMORIST, AND WHO HAS
WITHAL A NICE APPRECIATION OF
POETIC SENTIMENT,

THIS VOLUME

IS WITH SINCERE PLEASURE INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

GENTLE reader (readers are always gentle), should you read this preface before reading the whole or a part of the contents of this book, it may give you some idea what you may expect. I, the writer, have principally touched upon scenes, objects, and subjects belonging this sublunary world, holding the conservative notion that it is best for a man to keep within his own sphere. I have ventured in *one* lofty flight to touch on those luminaries, the sun, moon, and stars, but not so as to affect their evolutionary motions, or throw any new light on them. The deepest subject that I have tried to fathom is coal, a subject that might give much light if properly handled, though some consider it a miner question that may be easily settled. As I have not been a student in any department of science or learning, I do not presume to teach, therefore there will be found in this volume little that is instructive. To some extent I have been an observer of humanity, and I

have discovered that one of its distinguishing characteristics, is the power to cachinnate when those organs called risibilities—which do not exist in the ass and other serious animals—are tickled, and I find most people like to have their risibilities tickled. I hope my readers of this class will not be disappointed with my amateur efforts, but will find in the volume that which will tickle and amuse. There must of necessity be circumstances and occurrences in this life to force seriousness upon us, such as grinding poverty, and the severance of ties of affection and friendship. Levity would be out of place in the presence of want, affliction, and mourning, but I do not see why seriousness should be cultivated as though it were an attribute of goodness. There is a time to laugh, and there are persons so constituted, with such a keen and ready perception of the humorous and the ludicrous, that when any droll sight or saying suddenly present themselves to the eye and ear, for such persons to resist the impulse to laugh would be impossible. Such was the case with one of Bradford's worthies, the late Dr. Godwin. The following anecdote which I have heard, if true, illustrates and confirms what I have stated. It was stated that

the Dr. was preaching to a congregation, as it seems, a not very awakening sermon, inasmuch as a deep somnolency came over one of his hearers, whose head went back and whose mouth became receptive, as if desiring the fulfilment of the promise,—"Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." A power above, in the shape of a young urchin in the gallery, on looking over the front and seeing this apparently expectant feature directly underneath, unawed by the sanctity of the place, let down a small object by a thread, intended for the mouth of the sleeper. No sooner had the vigilant eye of the Dr. caught this piece of impish waggery than he suddenly became lost to sight, only that he was seen by occupants of the gallery making efforts with his handkerchief as if a terrible twinge of toothache had seized him, when in reality it was an effort to prevent exploding with laughter. It is this class of persons who may appreciate my small efforts to amuse. I lay no claim to any poetic faculty. I have never sat with pen in hand, looking up with an ether-piercing eye, in expectancy of a descent upon me of the divine afflatus. To put together a bit of jingling rhyme has oft been a pleasant bit of pastime. I only wish

that my liberal Bradford friends and others, whom I sincerely thank for their patronage, may have as much enjoyment in reading these trifles as I have had in writing them. I will here thank my friend Mr. James Wigglesworth, of Westgrove Street, for his kind aid in adding to my list of patrons.

B. HARDACRE.

15, Ebor Street,
Horton Lane, Bradford.

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MISCELLANIES.

SEXTON DICKEY.

It is a fact worthy of notice that many of our distinguished men, men of genius and originality of character, have had their origin and have been found like precious metals in out-of-the-way places. It seems as if the partial isolation of small communities favours the development, and brings out into prominent relief more strongly marked characteristics in individuals than is the case with town-life. I have in my mind's eye, as well as in my memory, the recollection of sayings and doings, together with the appearance of characters in my own native village home, who, if faithfully represented on the stage, would bring rounds of applause.

To give a sketch of a Long Preston character, whom I knew in my boyish days, it will be necessary to describe the state at which the cultivation of music had arrived there some forty years ago. Music at that time was in a very primitive state. The most people had attained to was to

sing by rote tunes learnt through the ear. You might have entered Church, Chapel, or Meeting-house, and have heard nothing more than the simple melody of a tune being sung by both men and women, except occasionally some one with an extra musical ear venturing on extemporising a few notes of bass, yet even in this rude time there were some faint glimmerings of a knowledge of light and shade. Whether those ideas had been handed down from a more cultivated time, or the knowledge, or rather taste, was intuitive in the natives, I will not say; but in the singing of certain tunes the men would suddenly stop, leaving the women to continue the strain, when the men would again join in, and so finish the tune. This, no doubt, was to realise our modern idea of *Piano* and *Forte*. With a few exceptions, tunes were only known by being associated with certain hymns. When it was said, "Let us sing such a hymn," the first line of the hymn suggested the tune. There being no regularly-appointed leading singer, it would occur sometimes that two or three persons would be attempting to start the same tune at one and the same time in as many different keys. The person with the greatest confidence and strongest lungs, and bent on winning musical honours, would predominate, and take the congregation with him. The generally self-appointed

leading singer and the organist of the Parish Church may serve for a future sketch. One of the most advanced musicians of these times was one Richard Hardacre, better known by the cognomen of "Sexton Dickey," bearing this name in consequence of holding the very grave position (that of Sexton) in the Church, as well as to distinguish him from others bearing a similar name; for be it known, O Reader, although there may be some very uncommon men possessing the name of Hardacre, yet I must own, as far as Long Preston was concerned, it was a very common name. Our friend Dickey being officially a pillar of the Church, his musical abilities were in frequent requisition. His genius was of a varied order, combining in his own person, poet, musician, bell-ringer, as well as being a thorough proficient in all the multifarious duties pertaining to the office of Sexton. It would be no very grave charge to bring against him to say that he wore a very grave expression of countenance, probably contracted by his occupation of grave digging and interring the dead,—if so, grave digging may be said to have given him a grave dignity of manner and appearance, for he certainly did everything pertaining to his melancholy office with dignity and becoming gravity. If, as it frequently occurred, when a funeral came from a distance, he had to announce to the

mourners at the end of the Burial Service, that certain refreshment had been provided at the inn for the inner man, he would, with the apparent gravity of a judge, and, I will not say, with a sepulchral voice, but with an utterance reminding one of the pompous gobble of a turkeycock, give out the following stereotyped invitation:—"All you who have been invited to the funeral are requested to attend at the Boar's Head Inn, and take such as is provided for you." This invitation, with Dickey's peculiar utterance, was a sudden transition from the solemn and impressive Burial Service; from the contemplation of the grave to gravy—a resuscitation from death to life. I can fancy myself in Long Preston Church on a Sunday afternoon as a Sunday scholar, with from thirty to forty other boys, the only congregation, save two or three solitary staunch adherents of the Church, for Long Preston and its surroundings have always been hotbeds of Dissent. The duties of the curate were comparatively light. One sermon on a Sunday was all that was required of him, and that was in the morning. In the afternoon, the evening service was thought sufficient for us boys and the two or three scattered adult hearers. The service is read over; the comfortable-looking clerk, with double chin, and George the Fourth style of face, sings out musically his sonorous

Amen; the Evening Hymn, welcome to us boys as a sign of release, is announced; and now our faces begin to brighten up, for Dickey makes his appearance, with an instrument ycleped in the vernacular, "T'baas Fiddle," makes a temporary music stand of a coffin-stool, and, as a preliminary step to devotional exercise, affectionately takes his loved instrument between his knees, and inclines his ear towards its graceful neck in a listening attitude, and coaxingly tries to ascertain if it will give forth its notes in tune. Now, Dickey had a remarkable face, particularly when seen in profile; bald head, long shaggy eye-brows, a very prominent Wellington-shaped nose, thin face, and a chin of considerable pretensions. In tuning his instrument his chin seemed to sympathise with his ear; as he screwed up the peg his chin took a *sidereal* motion, and got to the extent of its gauge as the acuteness of the sound or tone approached its proper pitch. Sometimes his ear would not serve him correctly, and he would screw a string up beyond its power of tension, when there would be a sudden report and as sudden an exclamation from Dickey, which will be the best expressed by the interjectional syllable, "Yoh!" When his ear had become satisfied he would open his wonderful Book of Tunes, in manuscript, copied by himself, which made him seem to us boys at that time as learned as an astrologer, for those mystic characters, called

notes, were really deep and hidden mysteries, but Dickey not only "*Knew t'notes, bud oud mak'em his-sel.*" Without much effort the right page would be found—for the same tune, by *Tallis*, was sung every Sunday afternoon, and probably is to this day. And now Dickey's varied talents are brought into exercise, for he can sing the melody of the tune and play the bass part with his instrument at one and the same time. He would begin the tune with vigour and energy, but at the close of every verse he invariably left the finishing note deficient in vocal sustentation for want of breath; but endeavoured to make up that deficiency by a sudden burst on to the last note with his interjection, "Yoh!" It certainly did seem an odd substitute for the last word of the last line of each verse; of course due length was given to the note with his instrument and his chin, the latter oscillating in unison with his bow. Christmas was the time when Dickey came out in all his brilliancy. To us boys Dickey was an institution, and Christmas would not have been Christmas without him. At this jubilant time he would dispense with the more devotional-like instrument for the mirth-accompanying one, called by the natives "T'lile Fiddle," but which he very pompously called a violin; yet, I must confess that in his Christmas peregrinations he had no other covering for his instrument than the common vulgar green baize

bag, used by itinerant scrapers, who visit feasts and fairs; yet Dickey was something more than an ordinary scraper. No doubt he was a remnant of those minstrels of the middle ages, who sang of deeds of chivalry, in stirring compositions of their own. Although Dickey's compositions partook somewhat of the Christmas carol, still there would be an appropriate blending in of passing events, for instance, on one pinching occasion the "quality folks" had subscribed money and bought a quantity of potatoes to dole out to the poor; Dickey recorded this piece of potato benevolence in the following couplet:—

> We should be thankful to our friends
> For pot-a-toes, which make amends.

This is the only flight of Dickey's genius as a poet that has retained its hold on my memory, though I believe he at times aspired to loftier themes. When this was the case, the natives, with a degree of ill nature, put on a wise and knowing look, and said, "borrud," thereby intending you to infer that Dickey was a plagiarist; some went so far as to say that he pilfered from Dr. Watts, but I will leave that to be settled by Dickey's future biographers, and speak of his manipulations on the violin. Dickey, like most of our original geniuses, was self-taught, and therefore could not be supposed to have learnt any graceful manner of attitudinising, and only possessed those graces which nature had be-

stowed, and which were artless, unadorned, and somewhat angular in their development. His action was spasmodic, particularly with what professionals would term his bow arm, for he literally elbowed his way through the piece he was performing. The contortion of his features varied according to the difficulties he had to encounter, and though he might not be skilled in making use of the shifts, yet his whole performance was an affair of shifts. If Hogarth could have seen Dickey in the full excitement of a performance of one of his most elaborate pieces, Dickey certainly would have been immortalised. The climax of Dickey's efforts in the way of music, and which he himself considered as such, was the multiplication table, which he had with great labour, zeal, and assiduity, adapted to music. Dickey had not the least perception or appreciation of the ludicrous, or what may be called the comical phases of humanity; yet I fancy he looked upon this as a clever comic song, *calculated* to amuse as well as instruct. Wherein lay its merits as a libretto for a musical performance I have not yet been able to discover. Yet Dickey, after having figured through this piece of figured music, seemed to think that he had "cut" quite a figure, as a peculiar chuckle would come from him consisting of a series of explosive yohs, indicating great self-satisfaction, or that it was a thing which he

could laugh at whether you could or not. After all, we must give Dickey credit for having at least attempted to extract poetry out of figures and bare absolute facts. If Dickey thought and felt it to be his mission to carry glad tidings at Christmas time, I have no doubt he had an eye to being made glad himself. If his homeward track of an evening could have been mapped out it would have shown some rather eccentric curvings and divergences from what would be considered a straightforward sober course, and might also have shown other impressions than those of footprints : giving humbling evidences of his falling and fallen nature, and of having jeopardised the instrument that had been made to accompany his lofty strains during the day. Dickey was a welcome visitor at the houses of the great, "the quality :" and for the rich entertainment that he could give, they would in return not only praise his performances and original inspirations, but give him inspiring draughts, which, to speak diplomatically, had a tendency to destroy the balance of power, or, more correctly, the power to balance. After these times of rejoicing, Dickey's prominent nose would look still more prominent, and sometimes showed signs of having been on the wrong scent, or as if he had been trying a mouldwarpish experiment. Notwithstanding this apparent grovelling disposition, and

these earthly tendencies, I believe Dickey was not habitually a toper, as is wont to be the case with many of his cloth; for it is well known that the social qualities of the genus-lyrical often lead to habits of intemperance. Dickey's friends (the quality), being much amused with him under the influence of his own inspirations, no doubt had a desire to see him under other influences: so that with their cheers and their cheer Dickey became doubly intoxicated. One great person's praise served as a passport to his reception elsewhere: for he would pompously say that Mr. So-and-So had been highly delighted. From having occasionally to act as clerk, Dickey had thrown off and rid himself of his native idiom, and pronounced his words with a degree of refinement and propriety. The natives charged him with "knacking," which, when translated, means a base imitation of the "quality-folk." It gives me pain to recall the persecutions and annoyances that Dickey had to endure from us boys. We somehow seemed to think that he was legitimate game, on whom we could play mischievous pranks. We rather enjoyed the excitement of being chased: a good thump at his door of an evening would be sure to bring him out. From his domestic habits and love of home, as well as of connubial bliss, he had contracted a second marriage; but I am afraid

his household economy was not of that nature to always keep him square with the world. His mode of living, together with his wife's management, caused him to have now and then a feast, with long fasts between: in short, he has been known to have to resort to extreme measures to secure a meal, even of having to mortgage anticipated burial fees. He was most in clover when the bill of mortality ran high in the parish, but what caused him to rejoice most was when a funeral came from beyond its precincts: then inwardly Dickey triumphed over death and the grave with the thought of handling double dues. Of course Dickey's rejoicings connected with his office of sexton were all inward, as most becoming; and the inward want of a dinner is a sufficient cause for a serious external appearance; and the near prospect of relief is a matter for inward rejoicing. I have seen him in his own loved home after one of those funerals. Dickey's home was a kind of "Curiosity Shop," it always had the appearance as if some one had just moved into it, and were held in suspense as to the best mode of disposing of the furniture. The only thing that seemed like a fixture was Dickey's spouse, his dear Ellen, for the reason that she was what is termed shiftless. Of the few elegant accomplishments which she had acquired, one was the frequent use of a short japan-like polished

pipe, her apology for its use being that the doctor had said it was an excellent thing for moving wind; however this might be, it had no effect on moving her, hence the necessity for Dickey having to raise the wind sometimes in an extraordinary manner. Dickey professed to keep a shop, but for want of capital or want of credit, his stock was limited, and of a miscellaneous nature; if his stock had been catalogued and inventoried the most prominent items would have been pipes, red herring, and nursery books for children.

In warm Summer time
This short simple rhyme
For a sign would appear
In his window—"Sold Here
Home Brewed Treacle Beer."
A bev'rage to cheer,
And not very dear.
This sign so inviting,
With its jingling inditing,
Was Dickey's handwriting,
Which I may as well state,
Was like fine copper-plate.

The most prominent scent that would have greeted your nostrils on entering the house would have been a compound one of red herring and tobacco. Of the many turns that Dickey had taken to keep the wheels of life turning, was that of having a mangle to turn, and what with this piece of furniture, and others of a more antiquated

appearance, there was scarcely room to turn in the house, so that he had little capital to turn over, and little room to turn in; no wonder, then, that he should rejoice in double dues. I have witnessed him partake of an evening meal, after having performed the last rites over the departed, and become possessed of the dues. His fare was coffee and "sad Dick," a kind of improvised bread, which was baked in the frying-pan, and produced on the shortest notice. He would begin silently and in earnest; but oh ye bilious dyspeptics, how ye would have envied Dickey his appetite could ye have seen him eating "sad Dick." After having appeased the severer pangs of hunger, his face would settle down into a placid expression of contented satisfaction, his eyes would twinkle and become half-closed as he munched, and his lower jaw would work with an oscillating motion, so that his face altogether, while eating the latter part of his meal, assumed the contented expression of a cow, while chewing its cud. After the evening's meal he would enjoy the pipe of peace with his wife, and no doubt his sleep afterwards would be so sound as to bid defiance to the nightmare. But poor Dickey has passed away, and has been gathered to his fathers, and I would fain hope that he who lived by others dying has himself died to live.

RAMBLING ETCHINGS.

Inclined was I one day to rove
By river's side, through field, and grove,
In pleasant paths, and shady lanes,
Where birds give out their gladsome strains.
Observant of each pleasing scene;
The distant hills, and dales between,
The atmosphere so purely clear,
I noted objects far and near.

The field of deep green wavy corn,
Inclosed with hedge of sweet hawthorn,
From which, at intervals, there grew
Umbrageous trees, that darkly threw
Their arms athwart the light, and made,
With leafy fingers spread, a shade.
Beneath their overhanging boughs
Are round-eyed, ruminating cows,
Each whisking off, with pliant tail,
Persistent flies, which so assail.

The clacking mill, whose course's stream
Comes tumbling on with sparkling gleam;
Its placid pond, as smooth as glass,
Reflects its margin, fringed with grass.
Gyrating insects lave their wings,
And make, like rain drops, wavelet-rings,

Which ope and glide, with motion slight,
And gently ebb away from sight.
In sylvan, shady, sheltered spot
Imbowered is seen an ivied cot;
Leafed tendrils o'er its old porch steal,
And flowers its windows half conceal;
With bashful looks, and wondering stare,
Are ruddy, rosy children there,
Who cease their gambols on the grass,
To coyly watch the stranger pass.
On river's bank, with cautious eye,
A luring angler throws the fly.
In winding road, and 'tween the trees,
A lagging horse and cart one sees;
The driver whistles as he goes,
And cracks his whip, with loud gehoes.
A kind of company it feels,
To hear the rattling of the wheels.
On distant, rocky, hill-sides steep,
Seen are herbage-cropping sheep.
And round a hoary ivied keep
The noisy rooks in circles sweep.
The river past it smoothly glides
In silence, and its sloping sides
Are decked with flowers, e'en to its brim,
And swallows swiftly o'er it skim.
And, as my eyes fresh beauties search,
I see a village and its church;
Above fine trees, I so admire,

Gleams in the sun its burnish'd spire.
The smoke, which human life denotes,
Blue o'er the sleepy hamlet floats;
And here are homesteads, trim and nice,
Each one a little paradise,
With bordered fronts, bedecked with flowers,
And trellissed porches, forming bowers.
Here, too, the humble cottage door
Has honeysuckle climbing o'er.
The odour-scented air is balm,
And all is sweet repose and calm.
Then, sloping up the valley's side,
O'er which, like magic, shadows glide,
Woods and hedgerows neat are seen,
Inclosing meadows richly green.
Ayont again, broad pastures spread,
And then the bluff rears up its head.
The dark-blue moors extend from thence,
Like ramparts huge for safe defence.
Those rugged mounts and heath-clad hills,
Adown whose sides roll sparkling rills,
Uprear their tops so towering high,
Their summits seem to reach the sky:
A sky with fleecy clouds, which made
The landscapes have due light and shade.
And now I hear, from where I stand,
Sweet songs and sounds, from wood and land;
A pleasure, dreamy-like, it yields,
To hear the varied notes from fields;

Sheep's bleatings plaintive, cattle lowing,
From farmstead, shrilly, comes the crowing
Of some proud, strutting chanticleer,
Soon echoed by a rival near.
Outflows from wood-secluded nook,
With gurgling noise, a pebbly brook,
Pellucid, pure, its purling notes
Blend sweetly with the songs from throats
Of warblers, who, in leafy bowers
Express their joys. Then honeyed flowers,
The bees hum reedy notes among,
And lark's impassioned lofty song,
The bard of birds, who soars above,
To trill his thrilling lay of love,
A gushing, rapturous, silvery chain—
Like song, in one melodious strain.
At intervals, from o'er the way,
Comes thrush's mellow roundelay.
With each and all the sounds that come,
The songs of birds, and insects' hum,
The flow of streams, and all one hears,
Must be the music of the spheres
Of which one reads, and so I deem,
'Tis that of which the Poets dream.

A TAILOR'S TALE.

Let those who so despise our trade, and name,
And manhood us deny, this story scan,
And learn from whence, and how, this saying came,
So often used, "Nine tailors make a man."

There was a time (so some historians say)
When Albion's sons would stoop not to servility—
Ere trade, and men of commerce had a sway,
And when this island had its old nobility.

Of which our Mannerses, and great ones dream:
An age Elysian, called by bards the golden;
Long, long ere Watt had made a noise with steam,
Or Newton's lofty theories were unfolden.

Few books were added then to learning's stock:
Then, education bills none were demanding;
An unsophisticated time it was, ere Locke
Had turned the key to ope the Understanding.

An age for which one sighs with vain regrets;
When maids, all innocence, wore ringlet-tresses;
When loving shepherd swains, with flageolets,
Played plaintive airs to please their shepherdesses.

On village green danced lads and lasses gay,
'Round Maypole tall, with wreaths of flowers hung,
When loveliest maid was crowned the Queen of May,
And pleasing, lively madrigals were sung.

Then forth came barons from their stately halls,
With ladies fair, on prancing palfreys borne—
A brilliant cavalcade: within their calls
Were willing aids, who came at sound of horn.

Bright costumes mingling with the landscape green,
When sallying forth to hunt with hawk and hound,
Gave life and picture-beauty to the scene,
While dogs and horn made hill and dale resound.

Then none lacked food, for 'tis by some a boast
That oxen whole, oft-times, at feasts were roasted;
Then stately dames knew naught of tea and toast:
In goblets, gallant knights fair ladies toasted;

For whom, if need be, they would wield the lance,
Their courage and their gallantry to prove;
Or slay in fight an enemy perchance,
And win by valour a sweet lady-love.

'Tis said that honour was their guiding-star;
They would not insult bear, nor brook out-rivalry;
And great by sea and land, in love and war,
Were they, in those old palmy days of chivalry.

Then beggars grim and sturdy were not known,
  Nor pauper-prisons were erected then:
'Twas ere the seeds of poverty were sown—
  O would those rare old times were here again!

'Twas in this sweet Arcadian time, I ween,
  From which a story has been handed down,
That in some hostelry occurred a scene
  Which gave to tailors fame and some renown.

Nine of the art together met to dine,
  Some great occasion then to celebrate;
Of many things they talked while o'er their wine,
  But made of no affair affairs of State.

For tailors were not politicians then,
  Nor was there Commons House with M.P.'s sitting;
Yet then they talked of "measures and of men,"
  And clothed their themes in dress of words befitting.

They tried to brew, not revolution's storm;
  Their pressings hot were then their greatest pressures;
Their laws of form sometimes they would reform;
  And lords and king submitted to their measures.

There were no taxes: nor, as now, a debt,
  To reckon which would tax the powers of Babbage:
They talked of esculents, and that on which is set
  The mind of all their order—namely, cabbage.

A man reduced to penury and want
By fickle fortune, chanced that way to roam,
And called to rest his limbs in that snug haunt,
And told a tale of loss and ruined home.

The mirthful burly landlord ceased his jests,
And paused to listen to a case so rare;
Then straightway took the stranger to his guests,
Who bid him welcome to their board and fare.

They heard his tale: each, with a feeling heart,
Then gave, with liberal hand, a piece of gold—
A fortune then, with which the man could start
Again in life, in that rare time of old.

With feelings that he could not well conceal,
He bowed his thanks. "Of gratitude," said he,
"I have not words to tell how much I feel;
You, gentlemen, have made a man of me."

How few would own, as did this man, our skill
To make anew; though thought of lower grade
By some, perchance, who owe a tailor's bill,
Who nought would be, were they not tailor-made.

In our creative power few hold belief,
Yet 'tis the tailor's due from fop to Quaker,
All, suited well with garments should, in brief,
Acknowledge him and laud who is the maker.

ESHTON HALL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Among bold Craven's craggy hills,
In winding Aire's romantic dale,
Where water unpolluted rills,
And near to Gargrave's lovely vale,
On Eastern brow of hilly mound,
Stands generous Wilson's well-placed seat,
With varied beauty all around—
A sylvan-sheltered, sweet retreat.

At base of slope, a babbling stream,
Trout-haunted, beautifies the scene;
Its purling ripplings sparkling gleam,
With ray of sun and moonlight sheen.
Tree-studded pastures large and fine,
With sward in richest shade of green,
On which luxuriate the kine,
Unconscious of their fate I ween.

Outskirted by food-yielding meads,—
Of yore the scene of raid and pillage,—
And by a shady lane which leads
To pleasant rural stream-laved village.
Sweet Eshton, spot art thou to love,
Which but to see is to admire;

Where sports the hare and coos the dove,
And sings the joyous woodland choir.

For thee hath Nature done her part,
And placed art thou near to the grand;
Made beautiful art thou by art,
With waving woods, and cared-for land.
The heath-clad hills, so rudely wild,
Give contrast to the cultured dale,
Whose bare and rocky heights up-piled
Make lovelier look thy verdant vale.

Here seen are some of Nature's freaks:
For shelter, rears up easternward
Bold Flasby Fell's fantastic peaks,
That stand like sentinels to guard.
Those peaks, bleak-looking from below,
When Winter comes, and birds have flown,
When capp'd with glistening wreaths of snow,
Will have a beauty of their own.

From terraced front, or sloping sward
Of flower-decked lawn, or leaf-bower'd seat,
Are seen fine views, that claim regard,
Of which a painter well might treat.
The fertile and the sterile blend;
The mountain, stream, grove, glen and glade:
All objects seen their beauties lend,
To give each view its light and shade.

To see thee Eshton, and thy bowers,
  Thy grove-encircled gardens neat,
To scent thy odour-breathing flowers,—
  And 'scape awhile the noisy street,
The smoky town, the cooping mills,
  The clacking loom's loud deafening din,—
And breathe pure air from lofty hills,
  Have hundreds of our toilers been.

No high exclusive fence is here
  To hide thy beauties from the sight
Of those who Nature's scenes revere,
  And in the picturesque delight.
No churl is he who owneth thee:
  In reason, there's no let, or ban,
To those who ask his grounds to see:
  For Wilson loves his fellow-man.

TABLE-TALK.

A FABLE.

A USEFUL couple—FORK and KNIFE—
About their occupation,
Began a *pointed, cutting* strife;
Said Knife to Fork: "Upon my life,
You get above your station!

What would you do, without my aid,
Should we be separated?
Though some your silvery charms parade,
And treat me as a common *blade*,
Yet you are only plated.

I still am pressed with finger-tips,
By ladies of good breeding:
But, though I have their friendly grips,
They never take me to their lips
Whilst in the act of feeding."

"Now, Mr. Knife, don't you begin
A quarrel, as to footing;
Don't show your *edge* and make a din;
'Tis I who do the *pitching-in*:
You may as well be *cutting*.

The right to feed to me belongs;
I help to keep from starving;
Then why need you complain of wrongs?
I've stuck to you with all my prongs,
And helped you with your carving.

O'er fancied wrongs then do not brood,
Or fashions new and novel:
If people will *fork-in* their food,
It is because they think it rude
To use you as a shovel."

MORAL.

Let Man and Wife, whate'er their grade
May be, or their position,
Give to each other loving aid,
As if for one another made;
And so fulfil their mission.

JUNE.

WRITTEN DURING THE CONTINENTAL WAR.

I like the sunny, flowery month of June,
Fit time for bard to celebrate in ballad;
A time when soaring larks their songs attune;
A time for lamb, potatoes new, and salad.

A time for shady walks, for loving swain
To whisper vows to fair one, and to court her;
A time to now and then enjoy a drain
Of something cool, or swig the creamy porter.

A time to range high hills, and breathe pure air,
A wide expanse of wooded vale to scan,
And then to some snug wayside inn repair,
To wash, and well refresh the inner-man.

A time to roam by tinkling, silvery stream
That glistening winds through lovely verdant dale,
By farmstead, where is had the sweetest cream,
And eggs, new-laid, and home-brewed, nut-brown ale.

The monks of olden time, and friars grey,
Oft named in song, of whom our records tell,
And who in valleys used to wend their way,
Were wise and knew the art of living well.

Whene'er I stand within the sacred gates
Of Bolton's ruin old, with fancy's eye
I see the gaberdined with shining pates
Partaking clotted cream and warden pie.

Whate'er might be their faith, they lacked not reason;
Some worship wealth—are devotees to Mammon;
Give me good things to eat, that are in season;
A time is this for parsley sauce and salmon.

Abstainer lean, repressive laws would make;
For evermore he homilies is giving
How men should live; I ask, "For goodness sake,
What better thing can be than right good living?"

Let him vituperate, and me assail
With names of drunkard, epicure, and glutton,
Though virtuous he, I'll have my cake and ale,
And pleasant walk, and "walks into the mutton."

Howe'er we set our minds on things above,
Below we somehow like a well-spread table;
'Tis well, and good while here, to live and love—
Enjoy and make enjoy, while we are able.

Then here's to thee, sweet month of fruits and flowers,
Thy sunny time ascetic ones might please;
Thou mayest not bring to Continental powers
An early peace, but thou wilt bring us peas.

IRELAND WITH DENOMINATIONAL TEACHING.

O, Erin, green Erin, that land of unquiet !
Whose warm-hearted children love rumpus and riot,
Who merry can be on a very low diet,
And somehow are easily led.
Who cling to country, to kith and to kin,
And Death, when he enters their hovels within,
So makes them to revel and howl with such din,
'Tis said that they e'en wake their dead.

The base robber owners, away from the soil,
Enjoy and luxuriantly live on the spoil
Produced by Paddy's laborious toil ;
While others who see it expedient
Keep him through life in leading strings,
With a charming inducement of future good things,
Provided that he be obedient.

Thereby is Pat's mind enveloped in fog,
And stagnant as water in Allan's big bog,
And he herds and shares his meals with his hog
In a hovel of mud for a home.
For the good of his soul he contributes his mite ;
Potheen and a shindy are Paddy's delight—

And ready is he, and big with fight,
For Peter's successor at Rome.

He charges all ills to Saxon rule,
A thought thrust into his pate, poor fool,
With lasting impressions instilled at school,
The earliest seeds that are sown.
And he scratches his frowsy, unkempt poll,
And is wholly under another's control—
Who takes the charge and cure of his soul,
Which he dare not call his own.

To him it would be the blessedest thing
If Ireland had but an Irish king,
Whose name the first letter in shape like a ring,
Would ring in such name as O'Connor.
Och! wouldn't he revel in mud wid the pig,
And ate his purhatees, and feel moighty big,
And flourish his shtick, and dance his jig,
And a dhrap o' the crather deloighted he'd swig,
And pledge ould Ireland's honour.

Should that be the case, then Pat wouldn't roam
To lands far away from his own island home,
Against which the wild waves of ocean dash foam,
The emerald *gim* of the *say*.
He then wouldn't be at the beck and the nod
Of any base Saxon to serve with a hod;
He could then go about, his feet in brogues shod,
Or not, as best suited his way.

Och! wouldn't he then have of whishkey a lot,
And Oirish shtew done in a big pot;
And butthermilk then would in plenty be got,
That such time would come is Pat's prayer.
And that makes the saw in one's mind to arise,
"'Tis folly where ignorance is bliss to be wise,"
The cloud-minded lowly poor have their blue skies,
And of love and affection their share.

Priestly teachers do well to stoutly contend
For aid from the State their young twigs to bend;
Their teachings are meant as means to an end—
To wit, Erin's sons for example;
Whose early taught lessons, wherever they go,
Shine forth, and their shindies enliven, and show
That a faith instilled early makes goodness to flow;
They do the behests of their priesthood we know—
Who would on all heretics trample.

Give power to the Church through the aid of the State
To mould the young mind, and to educate,
Then cease would sedition, and unloyal prate;
'Twould strengthen the bonds of society:
Church prelates, and rulers in places high,
Who o'er our degen'rate days often sigh,
Would feel that for them would be more of State pie,
Should workers have more of State piety.

EPICUREAN MUSINGS.

I like a rambling walk along the river's side,
A friend with whom to talk, then sweet the moments glide;
There's beauty in each sight, the breeze comes pure and sweet,
And sharpens up the appetite for something good to eat;
To see the river's flow, to hear its murm'ring mutter,
It's well-fed trout I know are nice when fried in butter;
And here's the bold hillside and sloping sward below,
And beeves, the farmer's pride, are grazing as we go;
I like to hear their lowing, their sounds fond memories wake,
I feel a pride in knowing in the country I've a *stake*.
One hears the plaintive bleat of sheep in pastures green,
How prime their legs to eat will be, what chops, I ween!
And now the farmyard's din, the fowls—their noisy cackle—
If cooked, I could begin their joints to foully tackle;
With fowls I would have bacon, altho' the Jews deride it,

I think them much mistaken, they surely can't have tried it.
The ducks I hear them quack, they give me thoughts that please,
They take my memory back to times of early peas.
Their flavour needs no puffing—whate'er are our opinions
Respecting kinds of stuffing, I give my vote for onions;
And I would pardon beg of ladies and the rest,
I like a good plump leg, a white and tender breast;
I like to hear Miss Goose—whose father 's given to wander,
Suggesting notions loose on the part of Mr. Gander,—
I like to see her dressed, a dress of stuff in season
Becomes her figure best, but taste should sway one's reason,
I feel myself a cannibal to think how I should treat her.
When chance occurs I shall, no doubt, with others eat her.
Away from busy strife here I should like to dwell,
A good and happy life I'd lead by living well.
I like that good Friar's song, who used to wend his way,
And as he tripped along trolled out his triplet lay;
His was no sickly theme, nor whining, wailing cry,
He sang of clotted cream, of wine and warden pie;
No banner did he flaunt with Excelsior device,

His highest earthly want was something good and
nice.
I would not give my praise to themes some tune the
lyre on,
Should I a banner raise 'twould be a large gridiron;
Then broils, away from strife, I'd have, and then
a fry,
And thus a higher life I'd live by living high.

WRITTEN DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

Who is this Southern rebel foe
Who seeks a nation's overthrow,
And vainly vaunts a chivalry?
Who treats the Northern man with scorn,
As one to menial labour born,
While his own trade is devilry.

Who for an institution wars,
That with the thought of freedom jars,
'Tis Afric's blood and bone!
That monster slav'ry, foul and fell,
Base offspring born of lowest hell,
He makes his corner-stone.

He proudly spurns with bitter hate
That which is noble, good and great,
Free labour's rightful claim.
Poor helpless woman he can scourge
With stripes, he binding chains can forge;
Enslaving is his aim.

Crush out as with an iron heel
Would he a nation's highest weal:
To freedom's light a foe;
A despot with a heart of steel,
Nursed to oppress and cannot feel
His fellow-mortal's woe.

Fight, Northmen, fight, for freedom's cause,
Yes, fight for equal, humane laws,
And patriots true be ye;
Far better fight and even fall,
Than tyrant foe should you enthrall;
Your cause is liberty.

On, Sheridan, on! on, brave Sherman!
Lead on to victory each warman,
And boldly face your foe;
Let not that foe your courage daunt,
No quarter give unswerving Grant,
Deal death in every blow.

His prowess he so proudly boasts,
With all his coerced servile hosts,
Your Northmen yet will quell:
Forward, brave men! firm, stout and staunch,
Fall on him like an avalanche
With grape-shot and with shell.

Haters of freedom, tyrants all
Are looking for your country's fall
With grim sardonic grin.
Then show them that when freemen fight
'Gainst vassal hordes and tyrant might
They have the power to win.

Brave out your rebel foe ingrate;
The demon Slav'ry extirpate:
Then may your starr'd flag wave
In triumph o'er a nation free,
A land where is true liberty
For all the good and brave.

THE SPRING OF 1867.

O SPRING! that should'st have gentle mien,
Of seasons called by bards the queen,
For thou hast *raining* powers;
With March, and canopied in cloud,
Thou camest in with noises loud,
And hailed us with thy showers.

O Spring! thou art a maiden coy;
What is it gives thee such annoy?
Why art thou so complaining?
Thy wailing windy, long prelude
Shows thou hast had a training rude,
Or rudimental training.

O Spring! thy youth is scarce a theme
For bards to sing, who often dream
Of beings transcendental:
So born of storms, thy infant course
Of early schooling has perforce
Been chiefly elemental.

O maiden Spring! that erst so chaste
Wert thou, and mild; why dost thou waste
Thy strength and youthful hours

In boist'rous flightiness each day,
Without or sunny smile or ray,
When thou should'st deck with flowers?

O maiden Spring! in dress of green,
Instead of balm and calm serene,
Thy conduct shocks us daily:
Our window panes, our doors with locks
Thou shak'st with equinoctial knocks;
Thou art not gay but galey.

O Spring! the thought of thee beguiles
Through Winter's tedious hours; thy smiles
We all anticipate.
Then cease thy wailings loud and long,
Bring scented flowers and genial song,
With joy reanimate.

CRAVEN SCENERY.

SWEET Settle in Craven, thou rock-sheltered haven,
Thy beauties a stave on bard-like would I sing;
Thy echoing hills, and cascading rills,
That would turn clacking mills, have a musical ring.

Thy rock-bedded river, the pleasing sport giver,
To those who deliver the barbed hook with line;
Thy carpet-like sward, that slopes riverward,
From rocks that stand guard and shelter the kine.

In the still vale below, the stream's gentle flow,
So sluggish and slow, on noiselessly glides;
Its smooth waters creep through its worn channel deep,
And willows that weep bend over its sides.

Its serpent-like windings to me are remindings
Of death's rude unbindings: those friends once so near,
With whom I have fought the fierce pike, and caught
And gallantly brought to land, are not here.

By trout-haunted brooks, in warm sheltered nooks,
With pale modest looks, primroses in spring
Peep out with mild faces, in groups like the graces;
Each spot fancy traces fond memories bring.

I have heard village bells, ring clear through the dells,
And echoed in swells, by soft breezes borne,
Their heavings and beatings, and wavy repeatings,
Were welcoming greetings on sweet Sabbath morn.

Those bright scenes of childhood, the river, the wild wood,
The mountains up-piled could attract and amaze;
The moors heather-crowned, and Ryeloaf so round,
The world's utmost bound—in those childish days.

In fresh boyhood's prime, these heights I would climb,
Where grew the wild thyme and bilberries blue,
When wild bird's wings whirr'd and sheep's bleatings
were heard,
And the notes of that bird, rarely seen, the curlew.

On clear day and still, when larks above trill,
Then peak, crag, and hill, like listeners stand round:
And Pennyghent tall, peers up over all,
And you hear waters fall with a low lulling sound.

Thy rocks Attermire, whose peaks high aspire,
When tipped as with fire by Sol's parting glance,
Look beamy and bold, like clouds edged with gold,
In masses uprolled—a scene to entrance.

Antiquarians who pore o'er hist'ries of yore,
In raptures explore thy archive-like caves,
Whose relics unfold, what books have not told,
Of peoples of old, ere Britain ruled waves.

Those Alpine-like cones, as giants on thrones,
In twilight's deep tones weird-like upward loom;
I have seen their dusk forms, like clouds that bring storms,
With childish alarms, depart with night's gloom.

When clouds come together in hot sultry weather,
Like clans o'er the heather, with threat'ning presage,
With a stillness intense you wait in suspense,
When a few moments hence heaven's clangour will rage.

'Tis fearfully grand in some place to stand,
A view to command of crags, peaks, and hills;
And see the fierce flash and bolt's downward dash,
And hear the loud crash, give a feeling that thrills.

While elements battle, resounding hills rattle;
In terror the cattle get near to the wall;
The rollings and rumblings like huge mountain tumblings
Receding with grumblings our senses appal.

Then down pours the rain, with big hail amain,
We think o'er again of a deluge with gloom;
That now will be hurled to destruction the world,
And the last end unfurled by the great crack of doom.

From gorges and gills, from cleft-rocks, and hills,
The brooklets and rills leap foamily down;
The cattle that shiver in fields by the river,
From death to deliver men ride from the town.

The rough swollen tide will its bounds over-ride,
And destruction spread wide o'er its erst peaceful vale,
With storm madden'd force 'twill o'erwhelm in its course,
Without or remorse or an ear for grief's wail.

Those fierce storms would make the vale like a lake,
And farmers would quake for their outlying hay,
As each smiling field, by water concealed,
Might give up its yield to be floated away.

Once rife was a tale in sweet Ribblesdale,
That a youth strong and hale, was borne down by the flood
From home far away on a stack of new hay,
While sleeping he lay, past Arnford's dark wood.

On waking he found from the loud surging sound,
That somehow he bound was to some distant shore,
And he dreamily guessed that while taking his rest,
Some crew had him pressed, home ne'er to see more.

On Ararat mound, his ark went aground,
And strangers flocked 'round and asked whence he hailed!
He answered in short, and said that the port
Was Rathmell in England from which he had sailed.

LUNAR REFLECTIONS.

'Tis said that the feminine moon a planet is,
And favours the loves of the tender;
Her pleasant, pale, silvery light, tho' wan it is,
Imparts a mild halo of splendour.

She moves in soft silence, and lonely she seems,
As if without friends or connections,
And yet from her face a mild loveliness beams
That gives us the sweetest reflections.

In night's stillest hour, when was heard not a sound,
Her face I have thought boded sorrow,
A cloud would steal over that sweet face so round;
I thought of the light she'd to borrow.

I grant you it oft puts my brain on the rack,
To try in some slight way to scan it;
Does ever she pay Sol the borrowed light back,
If not, then, pray how does she plan it?

I know that old Sol is a liberal fellow,
Dundreary would call him a "bwick,"
It seems his delight to make night's queen mellow,
Does she pay, or is't lunar "tick?"

He loves her, I think, if the truth must be told,
So oft he has with her a shine—
And then he so frequently "tips" her with gold:—
When she's full, is't think you with wine?

We all may have noticed this curious thing,
When towards her our thoughts have been carried,
We've seen her encircled sometimes with a ring,
Suggesting the thought that she's married.

Though oft she is seen raking out of a night,
Without e'er a partner, alone,
Yet fair ones with arms round their waists in her sight,
Have never seen arms round her zone.

Not spotless is she, still I think she is pure,
And must have the power of resistance;
Though stars in high circles may try to allure
By winks, they are kept at a distance.

Yet like the sweet fair who are given to slander
And boast of their high-born connections,
She makes no remarks on stars that may wander,
On us 'tis she casts her reflections.

Miss Juliet once called her inconstant, I know;
For changes she makes, it is known;
She has her own orbit, in which she will go,
Or bits of odd ways of her own.

I frequently have on her face fixed my gaze,
And could not suppose her two-faced,
'Tis known now and then she assumes a fresh phase,
Yet still she is thought very chaste.

One cannot say much for the courses of stars,
So vast is the distance between us;
'Tis likely that Venus may ogle at Mars,
And Mars may "tip winks" at fair Venus.

But 'tis not for beings like us to intrude,
Or raise in high circles a scandal;
Slight sayings at one time were wrongly construed,
Which gave the Star Chamber a handle.

Historians profane have said of old Mars
That a war-god he was and had sons;
He may be the father of those shooting stars
That blaze away, yet have no guns.

Are stars brought to being as we are by birth,
And fed in their own milky way?
No doubt they have circles as we have on earth,
Will sparkle their time and decay.

HINTS ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

For beauty I possess an eye
  Pertaining to the ladies;
I like to see a well-draped form
  That graceful and well-made is.

A head well-groomed, surmounted by
  A captivating hat;
A rounded chin and peach-like cheeks
  That make one long to pat.

A smooth white brow and loving eyes;
  And I am one of those
Who think a face is not complete
  Without a well-formed nose.

The leading feature of the face,—
  Though some may blow it light,—
Requires a nice artistic skill
  To handle it aright.

Some etchers oddly treat the nose,
  And some there are, I find,
Who say that 'tis an in-, or ra-
  Ther out-dex to the mind.

That like the hand on dial's face,
It indicates, they say,
The way and how a man will go,
And tells his time of day.

Hence, some will noses classify;
Give each its generic name;
Define how noses take the lead—
How scent their little game.

There are the sharp and pointed ones,
Acutely keen of scent;
And scornful turn-up pugs there are,
With look impertinent.

There are the bold and martial ones,
Commanding, prominent;
And broad and flat, with nostril wide,
And those with bridges bent.

And knobby ones there are, and those
That much awry have grown;
And those much like a red, red rose
In June, that's newly blown.

That tell of often moistened clay,
With something more than slops;
That nightly, like the rose, drink dew,
And have at morn their drops.

And then there is the Punch-like nose,
Provocative of fun;
And there's the sniffing one and slow,
Yet much inclined to run.

There are the hooked ones, called beaks,
And poking ones, called snipe,
And classic ones, quite Venus-like,
Which are of Grecian type.

I like a mouth with pearly teeth,
And luscious fruit-like lips;
Fine moulded arms, with tapering hands
To pink-nailed finger tips.

Of heads and their adornments too,
I have my own ideal;
I like rich golden tresses, when
I know them to be real.

'Tis strange how much barbaric taste
Our fair ones still retain;
The trinkets, beads and jewelled ears,
How much they bear of pain.

The pinned-up hair, the pads they wear,
The heels so elevated;
The waist made slight, the boots worn tight,
And corns much cultivated.

The heads are magnified, and raised
To such a lofty pitch,
The myst'ry is, how get relief
When heads begin to itch?

For hair is now so bolstered up,
So fortified they wear it,
That if should bite a parasite,
They can't but grin and bear it.

Profuse and richly flowing curls,
Or neatly woven braids,
Outvie all vile excrescences,
Or adventitious aids.

By men of cultivated taste
The false in art is scorned;
They like in ornament the chaste,
And beauty unadorned.

To try to please by what is false
Is but a vain endeavour;
What's beauty *now*, in woman's eye,
Is not a joy for ever:

For fashions change, and ladies will
Their ornaments renew;
And fathers who have daughters now
Should have a decent "screw."

And anyone who watches well
The ways of beauty's queens,
Will say, the man who means to wed
Should be a man of means.

A CRAVEN FISHING TALE.

IN THE VERNACULAR.

WHEN I wor[1] a lad, an lived wi' my dad,
At Preston, ca'd Lang, near Settle i' Craaven,
Then oft 'twor my wish to gah[2] graap for fish,
An monny a do I could gi' a lang stave on.

Then what pleased my taast, an suited meh[3] t'maast,
Wor fishin[4] up t'beck, and demin an laadin;
We'd tak feoful[5] paans, an graap undher staans,
An monny's the time weh gat wetshod wi' waadin.

A quear actin tike, by t'mess if yeh like,
Wor to us at times a regular botherer;
If he'd seen a gert looach, wi' t'speed ov a cooach,
He'd run shoutin lads, look here what a lotherer![6]

A chap they ca'd Kit, Hardacre to wit,
A clog an shoe-makker wor his okkepashun;
He'd nobbud[7] yan[8] ee, a "topper" to see
When lookin for fish, 'ted deep penetrashun.

Aah! oft wod I sit, an hearken to Kit,
Tellin gert roamin taals ov fiishin an pooachin;
Ov hairbreadth escaaps fra spring-guns an snaaps,[9]
An keepers to keep sich as him fra incrooachin.

Ov fausely[10] maad snaars for hangin t'poor haars,
An a' soorts o' nets for baggin o' gaam;
Ov dogs 'at wor traan'd, an what could be gaan'd
For a good bangin haul wi' sellin o' t'saam.

He hed quite a taast, if 'tworrent soa chaast,
For music an musical instrumentaation;
He plaad an he sang wi' gert voice an strang,
An sometimes at church he maad a sensaashun.

Oft hed he a trial to mak a baas viol,
Wi' shoe-makkin tools an sooal-cuttin blaads;
A thing he mich needed, at last he succeeded,
For Kit wor a chap 'at wor Jack ov a' traads.

His tow-heeaded[11] barns 'ud gaap at his yarns,
It pleeas'd him to t'life, wi' ro-mance to cap[12] 'em;
If onny yan me'ld ov his lads, or lees teld,
He'd double his kneaf[13] an threeaten to wap 'em.

We'd oft heeard him saya, in his emphatic waya,
'At some day, he knew, a gert fish he sud hook
Says he, "D'ya knah, when out yance I sah
A whaal ov a pike i' oud Tommy Crook.

I sah it," says he, "I sah't wi' my ee,
An gav it a naam by waya ov a kersnin ;[14]
I'se knah it agaan, whenivver it's ta'en,
Oud Judy's it naam," says he, his ee glis'nin :

"It weighs twenty pund," he maad marks o' t'grund,
And shaw'd us wi' pride, it bookth[15] an it length ;
Shaw'd how it wor shapp'd, we glooard, and were capp'd;
Said t'line to hod it sud be a gaah[16] strength.

'Ted[17] teeth like a shark, and then 'ted a mark
On it heead resemblin a capital B ;
If hungry, t'wod it[18] a joint fra a spit,
If offer'd i' true fishin style, d' ya see.

"I sah it," says he, "I tell theh[19] naya lee,
To hook it, by gen ! 'ud be sich a spree."
An he slapp'd his theegh i' t'wildest o' glee,
Then look'd straight at me wi' his piercin yan ee.

One mornin, says he, to t'oud'st lad and me,
"I've nowt mich to do i' t'clog-makkin waya,
We'll gah down to Ribble, an try for a nibble,
For fishin for pike it's just a reyt daya."

While trudgin alang, t'birds chirrup'd an sang,
Reyt bonny wor t'fields wi' butther-cups speck'd,
Aboon t'sky wor blue, saav leet clouds 'at threw
Fleetin shadows 'at flew ower meads daasy deck'd.

Then down Bigholmes looan awaya I've oft gooan,
I hev't i' my ee at this far off daya,
Oud esh trees ower hingin, an on ther boughs singin
Sweet sangs wor lile birds to pleeas us on t'waya.

On, on as we went, O! sweet was the scent
Fra fair-faced lile flowers faintly fanned by the breeze,
Soa pure i' ther wildness, wi' paal looks o' mildness,
Ther honey-sweet leeaf-lips wor kussed by the bees.

Here primroses grew, an bonny bells blue,
Here t'wild breear it[20] breet colour'd beauties displaad,
Here blossom'd the thorn 'at scented the morn,
An here, I consaat[21], wod be love-matches maad.

Fra here wor seen gills,[22] and green slopin hills,
A pictur it wor to see kye[23] an sheep browsin;
Soa clear, an serene, spots far off wor seen,
Wi' hulls here an theear for t'cattle to house in.

Away back i' t'distance, wi' good een's assistance,
Wor seen hills to rise, whal lost in a haas,
Down i' t'valley below, wi' weemliest[24] flow,
Ran t'riplin river reflecting t' sun's raas.

Aboon, up i' t'west, wi' lion-like crest,
Uprears Ingleborough, ov hills Yorkshire's pride,
It top oft snow-capp'd, bud of'ner cloud wrapp'd,
Like bards, whea[25] ther meeanins i' mistiness hide.

Fra it a bit North, ower bonny Staanforth,
Pearks up into t'seet ta' Pennyghent hill,
Shapp'd like t'lower hawf ov a gert sugar loaf,
Standin up like a maasther to keep t'lile ou's[26] still.

Then, turn round to t'left, look downbank,[27] ye'll hev't,
I' see't Pendle Hill, for a' t'world like a whaal,
As if it wod spout saut watther about,
An Lancashire folk gi' a lash wi' it taal.

'Twod faal meh to tell, of moorland and fell,
Ov ling cover'd mountains, whear loonliness raans,
The wild birds' wild hoam, ower which sportsmen roam,
Whear M.P.'s may rest ther ower-warked braans.

An here could be seen, through t'opnins atween,
T' snig-like[28] bendin river, sneakin[29] slowly alang,
Soa wishtly[30] it creeps through Lang Preston deeps,
Wi' snod[31] shinin face as if 't couldn't gah wrang.

Bud if yeh sud ventur to cross it an enter,
Wi' aam to fathom it depth an it leeanins,
Ye mud think it shallow, bud then it 'ud swallow
Yeh up, an deeath wod be t'end o' yer gleeanins.

Wi' rod, flees, an line, t'day breezy an fine,
If on it green banks for spooart ye're inclined,
Wi' skill, there's lile doubt ye may hook a faew trout,
Or mebbe a salmon, or fish o' some kind.

'Tween hills aboon Settle, when storms try it mettle,
It loups madly down ower rock, foss,[32] an fa';
Comes rushin and foamin, an then, widely roamin,
It covers a' t'land anent Wigglesworth Ha'.

At Rarmel[33] beck mouth, whear t'river bends south,
T'fish theh ca' gudgeon i' gert shoals abound;
Theas fish, I may staat, are reyt ou's for baat,
When cunnin'ly fix'd an maad to spin round.

Then to it sets Kit, some gudgeon to git,
And shaws off his skill wi' baatin his hooks;
Wi' slaw mezzer'd stroll for pike we now troll,
An carefully try i' a' t'likeliest nooks.

I cannot say less, we'd mid'lin success,
For pike are nooan kiesty[34] when wantin to feed
We cowt two or three, a fair size d'ya see,
But Judy wor left for another day deed.

And here let meh naam, before weh went haam,
'Cross Tommy[35] Crook mouth we fix'd a neet line;
Noa chanches neglectin, an somehow expectin
'At Judy mud[36] want to supper or dine.

"To morn I sal fettle, an gah up to Settle,"
Says Kit to us lads in a confidin waya,
"Meet meh reyt soon it 'midafthernoon;
I've nobbud lile business, an net lang to staya.

An mind meh reyt weel, or this ye sal feel,"
An he held up his kneeaf to mak an impreshun,
" If thear before me, then waat, d'ya see,
If net ye'll git wapp'd in a reyt graadly[37] feshun."

We gat thear next daya, I's reyt if I saya,
An hour to soon, by t'clock, I'll apod[38] it,
We said we sud like to knah if a pike
Like Judy i' weight wor hook'd, could weh hod it?

Whal thus spekelaatin, we gat stoad[39] wi' waatin,
An said we could look, an Kit nivver need knah,
About it Tom set ower t'watther to get,
An hevin done this, we gav t'line a dhrah.

" Young lads will be forrud," a sayin I've borrud,
Soa ready, Eve-like, if tempted to straya,
That headlang they'll gah, into danger we knah,
For fruit that is stown is t'sweetest, they saya.

We worrn't soa dull, when feelin t'line pull,
As to loss onny time wi' study an thinkin;
Bud knahin t'reyt quirk, we gav t'line a jerk,
To strike t'hook into it innards like winkin.

We'd net lang to waat, a pike hed ta'en t'baat,
Enow,[40] it com up in a rampagious waya,
And seemed i' heigh dudgeon, 'cos cowt wi' a gudgeon,
Bud what were it size, yan could'nt weel saya.

Bud my stars an garters! if outlandish Tartars
Hed come up at yance, like boggards[41] i' t'neet,
I don't think weh sud, nay, I doubt if weh could,
Ha' bin maar capsized 'an weh wor wi' this seet.

By gow! what a splash, then, off at a dash
It 'ud goa, bud we gav it a gaa length o' band;
We said it's a capper if that beeant a wapper;
An Kit mud gah look! if weh gat it to land.

We fout it a while i' reyt fishin style,
An just lookin up, I spied out oud Kit.
By gen! Tom, he's comin! he'll give us a pummin;
Tom look'd as if ommast flaad[42] out ov his wit.

When Kit gat up to us, an look'd past his nooas
He sah what wor up down below wi' wer line;
He set up a shout, wak'nin t'echoes about,
Says I to mysel, now then for a shine.

He swahr a gert aath he'd wallop us baath,
Maad up to his lad wi furious sthride,
An knock'd him aside, "I'll tan theh thi hide"
He said, "I's so mad[43] I can hardly bide."

Seeaz'd t'line in a minute, "Here's a prize, I mun win it,"
Says Kit, or seemed soa to say by his mooashuns;
Wi' look quite mysterious, a faas lang an serious,
It mud slip us, I thout, wer yan ov his nooashuns.

He hedn't been lang when chang'd wor his twang,
For leetsome he gat an cut a faew caapers,
As if he'd been eas'd fra paan 'at hed seeaz'd
On his innards wi' gripins or what's ca'd vaapers.

He'd lots o' consaat thrus'n up in his paat,
An liked to shaw off whene'er he'd a chance;
He knew he could dc it, an set his sel to it,
Lookin ower at me wi' a knahin-like glance.

I makka-like[44] thought, bud ye mind I said nout,
He wanted a' t'credit o' t'job to his sel;
He maad sich a spreead wi' feet an wi' heead,
'Twod puzzle my knob to describe or tell.

Soa queer wor eeach antic, like yan gahin frantic,
Sich peearin i' t'watther, an sich signs o' glee;
At iv'ry fresh seet it rahas up i' weight,
"Egad! lad, it's Judy!" he shouted to me.

He shaw'd off his skill an fought it his fill,
Then drew it to t'side hauf deead, I sud saya,
Wi' t'grip ov his hand he brought it to land,
Then up flew wer hats an we shouted hurraa.

Bud what I'll be bun for, t'poor fish wor near dun for
Before Kit began, I'll lig onny money,
So a' his queer prances an sharp yan ee glances
Seems when yan thinks on't to look varry funny.

As it laad at full length, a' shorn ov it strength,
We stood by an glooar'd at wer wondherful prize;
"Ye see now," says Kit, "did I ratch it a bit,
When I tell'd what I'd seen," an he look'd a bit wise.

Then off we set haam expecting some faam,
Wi' pow[45] through it gills it wor borne showdher height,
An as lads we felt proud, wi' bein allowed
To carry a pike ommast[46] twenty pund weight.

NOTES TO "A CRAVEN FISHING TALE."

[1] Was. [2] Go. [3] Me, the *e* having the same short sound as in the article *the*. [4] The learned in dialects say that the *g* ending participles is a modern addition, and to make use of the elision mark is superfluous; the same with the conjunction *and*, the *d* is never sounded. [5] Much, a corruption of fearful. [6] A coined word derived from the plashing noise a large fish makes when caught. [7] Only. [8] One. [9] Traps or snares. [10] Cunningly. [11] Flaxen. [12] Surprise. [13] Fist. [14] Christening. [15] Bulk. [16] Meant here more than ordinary. [17] It had. [18] Eat. [19] Thee pronounced the. [20] The possessive in speaking is never used: John Smith's lad, would be John Smith lad. [21] Conceive. [22] Glens or ravines. [23] Cows. [24] A pure dialect word meaning silently smooth. [25] Who. [26] Little ones. [27] To go westward or nor-west was to go upbank, and in the opposite direction was to go downbank. [28] Eel-like. [29] A stealthy movement. [30] Silently. [31] Smooth. [32] Force. [33] Rathmell. [34] Not nice as to what they feed on. [35] A bend in the river of the form of a horse shoe, the land inside belonging at the time to Tommy someone, from whom it would take its name. [36] Might, perchance. [37] Applied to a person means decent. [38] Uphold. [39] Weary. [40] By-and-by. [41] Ghosts. [42] Frightened. [43] Grieved. [44] Kind of. [45] Pole. [46] Almost.

FALSE PRETENCES.

It may not be believed,
In spite of much revealment,
How men may be deceived
By art and nice concealment.

Some figures we may know
Their value by up-adding;
But figures draped for show,
How calculate on padding?

I, at a verdant age,
Took to myself a wife;
I took her from the stage
To act a part in life.

On her my eyes would dwell,
And I too fondly dreamed
Each pleasing rounded swell
Would be like what it seemed.

She seemed my *belle ideal.*
How I miscalculated!
I found her so unreal,
So much adulterated!

Her teeth were things of art;
Her hair, Oh! goodness gracious!
Her form, each rounded part
Was equally fallacious.

Her mould, ere we were bound,
Seemed plump, yet not too fat;
With nearer tie I found
Her neither this nor that.

Her eyes, I will confess,
Were fringed with silk-like lashes,
Her face, I rather guess,
Was fair with certain washes.

Else, why at times so coarse,
Just after an ablution?
The reason asked, perforce,
Was cause of much confusion.

And then, I was misled
By her most leading feature—
At times, when tinged with red,
She seemed another creature.

Her virtues she would praise,
I thought, more than enough;
When I, who have my ways,
Would gruffly say, "*all stuff.*"

But now alone am I;
Yet, sometimes of a night,
Though loose from nuptial tie,
I feel that I am "tight."

MORAL.

Young men take this advice:
Make use of all your senses,
Don't be induced to "splice"
By any false pretences.

SERENADE.

SUNK, as if on cloud reclining,
Has the sun 'mid roseate hue;
Evening's lustrous lights are shining;
Flowers are moistened with the dew.

Moonbeams play among the roses,
Shimmer through the linden tree;
Softly couched my love reposes,
Haply having dreams of me.

Stars, like angels, watch thy slumbers;
Like some sweet enchanter's spell,
Lull thee may my tuneful numbers;
Sweet good night! and rest thee well!

A LANCASHIRE WITCH.

Had you seen but the lass with a sweet face, and fair,
Whose rounded-off features with beauty so rare,
So witchingly charming, you could not but stare
At that Lancashire lass with the golden hair.

Her fine classic brow, and her sculptured-like nose,
Were models for artist; and like the blown rose,
Or round ripened peaches, with colour so fair,
Were the cheeks of that lass with the golden hair.

Her love-speaking eyes had in their sweet glow,
A melting expression; her voice rich and low,
Was music that thrilled like some melody rare,
O that beautiful lass with the golden hair!

Her lips, like that fruit in the garden of bliss,
Were poutingly tempting, and ripe for a kiss;
For curved lines of beauty nought else would compare
With the lips of that lass with the golden hair!

Below them an apple-like doubly-formed chin,
Curved out from a column-like neck with a skin
So white, so marble-like, spotless and fair,
And draped with rich tresses of bright golden hair.

And smiles o'er that sweet face would come like a gleam,
And dimples would play as in eddying stream;
Each varied expression wrought witchery there,
In the face of that lass with the golden hair.

(B)IRONICAL LINES.

O my! du tell! I want to know!
You don't say? la! my gracious! show!
Yankee Gal.

Oh Mrs. Stowe! oh Mrs. Stowe!
Why did you let the secret go?
That secret so long *stowed* away
Within your breast, so pure, I say?
I kinder think you hadn't oughter
Make of household gods such slaughter.
From sin our bard was not exempt,
We knew; but Eves there are who tempt;
And human flesh is weak, you know,
While in its *cabin* here below.
Why did you in those magazines
Show all the world behind the scenes?
That mild rebuke, in gentle tones,
Prevents not you from casting stones

At those who sin. To make a din
Was't for, or with an eye to "tin,"
That in th' *Atlantic* and *Macmillan*
You show our bard to be a villain?
It seems his good and sainted wife
Had with him but a sorry life;
That all his wayward ways were evil,
He, partly angel, mostly devil,
With just the smallest touch of leaven
With which to get him into heaven.
Now Mrs. Stowe! you say much thought
And pain it cost you ere you brought
This secret out: say, what of good
Can come from stirring filthy mud?
We know full well a bit of scandal
Is what you women like to handle;
And all those naughty slips of Byron
Are themes that ladies never tire on.
I've marked it well, there's no mistake
In this, that women like a rake;
As mothers who most fondly cling
To sons who deepest sorrows bring.
So she, who was so saintly pure,
And so bewitchingly demure,
Was drawn, as by a silver cord,
To love a very loving lord.
She knew unruly passions moved him,
Yet owned she dearly fondly loved him.

She knew he sinned, but did not blame him,
For 'twas her mission to reclaim him.
But when a woman weds an elf
She wants to have him to herself;
And such like women, sages tell us,
Suspicious grow and somewhat jealous.
  Whate'er of evil may be said
Of Byron—still will he be read.
Low be it spoken: Don Juan
Will ever be a charming man.
When wild waves wash him on their shores
The maidens lavish all their stores
Of love on him. Papas may curse him,
But lovely Haidees e'er will nurse him.
In some nice spot, most slyly, they
Will have him snugly *stowed* away;
And prying Yankee gals, I guess,
So plaguy full of curiousness,
Will know much more, instead of less,
For what you've written, H. B. S.

SHORT ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

I KNOW a man whose name is Short,
In short, I've known him long;
Averse is he to mirth or sport,
Or levity in song.

The sable garments that he wears,
Accord well with his face;
And outwardly the man appears
To be a man of grace.

Grim death is ever held to view
By this sad serious man;
Short says our days are short and few,
And life is but a span.

He frowns, and in a manner short,
When I on mirth am bent;
He says that making vapid puns
Deserves a punishment.

He says that mine are idle words,
And are of no amount;
And yet they will, as cyphers do,
Add much to my account.

"There is no time for mirth," says he,
"Nor is there time to laugh;
The reaper, Death, will soon be here,
Then where will be your chaff?"

I tell him there's a time to weep—
A time for song and dance;
We know that Russians have their steppes,
And so they have in France.

"'Tis ever but a downward step,
The dance in gilded hall;
Our thoughts, says Short, should soar above
A mere terrestrial ball.

Those foolish miscalled graceful steps
Are graceless vain inanities,
To featly foot it out in pumps
But leads to pomps and vanities.

These so-called transient sweets of life
Leave bitterness when tasted;
To whirl in waltz, with arm round waist,
Is time that's loosely wasted."

I say there's winter, dark and drear,
With clouds and stormy showers;
But gaily summer comes with smiles,
With songs of birds and flowers.

I tell him on that sacred day
That he would so much tie us,
I find in spring all nature gay,
And only man is pious.

The birds gush out with lively songs,
Nor care for Mrs. Grundy;
They have, it seems, permissive bills
To open on a Sunday.

They have full leave to have their hops
Amongst the leaves and twigs,
And out in sunny fields of corn
They carry on their "rigs."

The laughing flowers take in their dew,
Their liberties are such,
They can and do have in their cups
Sometimes a drop too much.

They give their odours to the breeze,
Inviting bees to treats,
Who if they leave no sting behind,
Will rob them of their sweets.

As what's his name once said, the bees
Improve the shining hours,
They like a summer's sun-day best
To sport amongst the flowers.

Bright insects have their sunny times,
And gyrate on the wing,
In mazy dance o'er mirror-pools;
Of joy they have their fling.

The dappled fish in crystal streams,
Without the churches' pales,
Imbibe and sport and have their flies,
And toss up heads and tails.

The streams have ever since the fall
Been falling from their sources,
And brawling noisily along,
Pursue their downward courses.

"So youth," says Short, "goes bounding on,
Pursuing pleasure's bubbles,
To find at last, alas! that life
Is but a sea of troubles."

Why, dogs, I say, that have their day
Are heedless of that one day:
They will unfold their waggish tails,
And bark with glee on Sunday.

The wicked spider toils and spins,
And heeds not sacred days;
He supplicates no power above,
On flies he waits and preys.

The caterpillars desecrate
That holy day. It grieves
Us much to think that when they prey
They leave such holey leaves.

Another life is their reward,
And though but crawling things,
Bright elves of beauty they become,
And flit about on wings.

Then do not they a truth unfold?
Thus from them this we learn—
That we may by our deeds done now
A brighter future earn.

Says Short, "Whate'er of good we do,
In time which never lags,
Will count for us as naught; our works
Are but as filthy rags."

Then turning round on Short, I said
(Who thinks me quite a rake),
Is no good work of ours of use
That's done for goodness sake?

"All efforts of our own are vain,
In us there is no merit;
Our ardent wish and prayer should be
For strength that's wholly spirit."

Now Short abstains from potent ale,
Or anything that's "short;"
Of spirit he will vaguely talk,
And some fine far-off port.

Short says "The whole creation groans,
And all have sin's foul taint;
While inwardly all filth we are,
We wash outside and paint."

"You mean the girls," I said; he groaned,
As if in great distress,
And said—"It is a serious thing
The want of seriousness."

LOVE AND MURDER.

Bill Fletcher was a lithe young chap,
In build and shape well made;
But, O, he was a man of blood,
For slaughter was his trade!

When steel'd his heart and steel'd his blade,
He was a fearless slasher,
And when a rash deed he had done,
Then he would do a rasher;

And swig inspiring draughts would he,
His hands with blood imbrued,
And though so many lives he slew,
He rarely e'er got "slued."

He had a shop with hooks and crooks
And skewers all pointed well,
And yet no helpmeet had he hooked,
To help his meat to sell.

One often came within his gaze,
Whose name was Mary Bell,
Of whom he said, in butcher phrase,
That she would "handle well."

One day she called, and from Bill's voice
She made it out quite plain,
That he, in praising what was choice,
Was in a tender vein.

In time and place more opportune,
His tongue became quite glib,
And out this question popped at length,
"Will you, dear, be my rib?"

And then his arm stole gently round
Her finely moulded waist;
And lips were heard to make a sound,
As when of sweets they taste.

She gave a charming glance at Bill,
With eyes that gleamed love's rays;
And with the sweetest accents said,
"You have such killing ways."

Then leaning on his arm, she said,
"I never thought, until
I met with you, that you could be
So dear a butcher, Bill.

I have from others offers had,
For whom I did not feel:
I never thought a butcher lad
So soon my heart could *steal*."

At length she went with Bill to church,
Without the least alarm,
And thus became his dearest joint,
And hung upon his arm.

For at the sacred altar he
Renewed his vows afresh;
And being fastened with a ring,
She then became his flesh.

Now Mary looks well to the books,
And takes well to the shop,
The knife and cleaver well she wields,
Bill says she is "first chop."

With chop so high they ne'er can be
Chop-fallen; wide awake—
Bill keeps well up his pluck, he knows
How much there is at *stake*.

And when he cuts a carcase up,
His wife in cutting vein,
Will say that they who buy our cuts,
Will cut and come again.

If Bill, by any sad mischance,
Should have to walk on pegs,
His wife would keep him on his feet
By selling off his legs.

Bill talks of sacrifices made;
Like patriot full of zeal,
He ever ready is to bleed,
'Tis for his country's *weal*.

And if you want a round from Bill,
And on him rightly buckle,
You may get coolly shouldered out,
Or you may get the knuckle.

He would not give you knock-down blows,
Though "fly" to that we know,
Unless you were a fly, if so,
He'd give you blow for blow.

Now Mary with her roasts and boils
And stout, sometimes a gill,
Has got so stout that when she walks
She has to lean on Bill—

So much, that once he said in jest,
"I don't see what you mean,
The more of fat you get my dear,
You more incline to lean."

BOLTON WOODS.

Away from life's cares and smoke-canopied town,
To woods and clear streams, 'mong hills heather brown;
To old Abbey's ruin, with ivy-clad walls;
To silvery rills and bright waterfalls.

O'er daisy-prankt sward, to trout-river's brim,
Where swift swallows sweepingly o'er its breast skim;
Through winding paths sylvan and shady retreats,
Where seen are rich views from rude rustic seats;

Where flutter the leaves on spray-pliant stems,
Whose wickerwork shadows play o'er Flora's gems;
Where birds on boughs warble and wild pigeons coo;
Where lovers oft charmingly, fondlingly woo.

Where primroses, mild, meek, modest and fair,
Perfume with their odorous breathings the air,
And deck with nice groupings the ravines and dells,
Along with the gracefully-pendant blue-bells.

Where butterflies flit with an odd wabbling flight,
As though they had taken their dew in the night;
Where squirrels are having their downs and their ups,
And bacchanal bees are *boozing* in cups.

To see nature's beauties, in Spring's brightest guise,
With those who for sweet scenes of beauty have eyes;
To hear peals of laughter, and shrill sounds of glee,
And keen strokes of wit, and quick repartee.

These, these are earth's joys we mortals can share,
That weigh in the scale against sorrow and care;
This world may be sin-stained, polluted and curs'd,
Of worlds that revolve this may be the worst.

Yet, dreams of a sphere of unalloyed bliss,
Shall not damp or blight my enjoyment of this;
The pure-ones may mourn o'er its sin, and may grieve,
But seldom seem willing this vile world to leave.

Thy beauties, blythe Bolton, are not fancy's dreams,
Thy woods grandly wave and clear flow thy streams,
Yea, e'en in thy ruin is that which can charm,
May none desecrate or e'er do thee harm.

Rich themes hast thou furnished to writers and bards,
Thou winn'st from true lovers of art their regards,
The limners have got from, and given thee fame,
Have made known thy features and spread wide thy name.

Thy Romilly Legend, thy historic lore,
Thy Strid, which the foolishly daring leap o'er,
Each has its charm, and along with thy merits
The good, in thy Inns, may meet with good spirits.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

In youth when first in love I fell
With one, whose name I need not tell,
Whose sweet face, I remember well,
My young heart charmed as with a spell.

Her form had grace, her face was fair,
Her lovely eyes were clear and bright,
And glossy was her flaxen hair,
Her tripping step was airy light.

I thought, content would be my lot,
If her dear lot were cast with mine,
With lots of love, in lowly cot,
Our days would be all bright sunshine.

I felt the blood to flush my face,
  Whene'er we met in Deepdale lane,
I passed her with a quicken'd pace,
  As if to meet her were a pain.

Oh had she really known the flame
  That burned and redden'd up my features,
Was love for her I dared not name,
  We might have been two happy creatures.

We might have lived a life serene,
  And clung to each like keenest leeches;
I might have sorely henpecked been,
  She might have ruled and worn the breeches.

Her ruling passion might have been—
  Of which she might have made a boast—
To keep things tidy, neat and clean;
  It might have been to "rule the roast."

We might have had our saddle nags,
  And rode arrayed in rare rich robes;
We might have tramped in tattered rags,
  Or had a home as poor as Job's.

We might have been, the Lord knows what:
  She might have been light-headed, giddy;
We might have lived like dog and cat,
  Or might have been like Dick and Liddy.

Fond youth will castles build in air,
And prospects gild in brightest sheen:
While withered age, 'mid cankered care,
Will dream of things that might have been.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PUNCH.

In the Palmerstonian days Punch's political leanings seemed to be an echo of the *Times*. One of its Cartoons, at that time, was John Bright as a poll-parrot on a perch calling on the people to come to the poll. Making the greatest orator of modern times into a mere parrot roused the ire of the, then, editor of the *Bradford Observer*, and caused him to write an article that made *Punch* to deviate from his usual course of banter and become serious; hence the following lines to the editor of the *Observer*:

SIR.—You have bit and left your mark in *Punch's* Lemon, and made its acid spurt out; and made his old dog Toby bark and *Punch* to throw some dirt out.

SINCE *Punch* has donned himself in plush—
Become a Jeames, a boots, a lackey—
To please the snobs he wields a brush
To sully those who care for "Blacky."

He thinks himself quite up to snuff,
Can etch grotesquely a cartoon,
But when you've got him into "buff"
To fight, he's but a low buffoon.

For 'apence *Punch* plays apish tricks;
Reversing what's said of the monkey,
He gets more "tip" than he gets kicks—
And that for doing well the flunkey.

He flunkeys to those vile oppressors—
A cruel, sanguinary clique,
On rights of labour the aggressors—
Who grind the poor and crush the weak.

The men are gone who were the soul
Of *Punch*. They who could snobs demolish,
Ne'er etched a *man* a Parrot-Poll;
Their wit had polish—not poor Poll-ish.

The snobs may rail at honest John,
And Lowe may rail at workmen's failings,
At railway speed we're pushing on,
And will in time upset their railings.

Let Cranbourne meet us working men
With sword,* if might is to determine
Right; then, the now called "upper ten"
Would all be swept away as vermin.

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* An article appeared in one of our periodicals, said at the time to have been written by Lord Cranbourne (now the Marquis of Salisbury), containing a threat to meet the advancing tide of Democracy with the sword.

Ye haughty few! who hold the land,
And claim to rule and have the sway;
Will threats to meet us sword in hand
Make us, like coward slaves, obey?

No! we are patriots, and can treat
With due regard the men of leisure—
Good men with hearts, who do not cheat
Us, such we deem the nation's treasure.

Then, Cranbourne, breathe not of the sabre,
You little know our strength for fight;
We know that lords live on our labour,
And this we know, 'tis ours the might.

Yes, might is right, Lowe, as you say;
You really are a deep Lowe-gician;
And *Punch*, in his Poll-parrot way,
Will prate out—pretty Polly-tician.

You're not a dull Adullamite,
You yet may learn, too late, with pain,
Where lies the right, and where the might,
You may be in for *more* than Ca(l)ne.

And, *Punch*, be careful, don't bespatter
Reputations pure and bright;
A club may give your head a clatter,
And stop, perchance, your grinning quite.

Where's your wisdom or your foresight,
O, fallen *Punch?* 'Tis sad to think on—
In life you etched him ogre-fright,
When dead, 'twas great and good old Lincoln!

Assassin of his reputation,
When living; then, some canting rhymes
You wrote, by way of recantation
When dead: you're vile as is the *Times*.

And so, dear sir, it comes about,
To please the snobs, *Punch* stabs at Bright.
Your cutting teeth have brought him out—
He seems to feel the Yorkshire bite.

WAKEFIELD AND GOLDSMITH.

O, WAKEFIELD, I would sing of thee,
Although thy name sad memories waken
Of binding ties; yet as for me
I ne'er to thee perforce was taken.

Once in my life I trod thy streets,
And roamed with freedom's step at will;
And though my feet have done some feats,
They never trod thy treading mill.

Though like a sheep that goes astray
And needs a shepherd for protection,
I never came in SHEPHERD'S way,
Nor ever wished for his correction.

I like the products of thy soil,
Thy cultivation and surroundings;
But do not like thy hard-faced toil,
Nor could I bear with thy impoundings.

The pilfering ones, or he whose mind
May from the seat of reason roam,
In thee a safe retreat may find,
Or an asylum and a home.

And he who has an aptitude
For picking odds and ends up quick;
Whose sense of right and wrong is crude,
Would soon be learned to oakum pick.

I know thou deal'st with natures frail,
But that alone gives thee not fame;
Thy bark has weathered many a gale,
Thou bear'st an old historic name.

Far back into the dark dim past,
Thy history goes to days of yore;
On thee F. S. A.'s love to cast
Their eyes, and revel in thy lore.

Thou witnessed hast great pageant scenes,
And stormy times, and times of quiet;
Thou'st lived through reigns of kings and queens,
Hast had election mobs and riot.

And thou hast seen great knights of shires,
Who bawl'd to bawlers from the hustings,
Submit, to gain their own desires,
To ribald jests and awkward thrustings.

Our GOLDSMITH once escaped a jail,
And from Law's minion was set free
By that immortal pleasing tale,
Whose thrilling scenes are laid in thee.

Thou shar'st with him world-wide renown,
He shed round thee a glow of glory;
By him thy name is handed down,
And thou wilt e'er be famed in story.

Spectacles wondrous thou hast seen,
But none surpass those owned by Moses;
For they and he are ever green,
And ever bloom the sweet Primroses.

Once on a time I read the tale
To listening sympathetic souls;
One clown was there who liked his ale,
And songs that told of flowing bowls.

All, all a rapt attention paid,
And some were seen with moistened eye,
Impressions deep on all were made,
Save one, and heard was many a sigh.

The good old Vicar's hopes and fears,
His drinking sorrow's bitter cup,
Made all, save clown, shed sorrowing tears,
When he said, "Pooh, it's all made up."

Beneath Westminster's dome august—
Where great of fame sepulture get—
They would not urn our Goldsmith's dust,
Because, forsooth, he died in debt.

In debt? 'tis false! it cannot be!
He left rich legacies behind;
To publishers, to you and me,
To all who read of human kind.

Sometimes I feel a strong disgust,
And then I say, and quaff my liquor—
He needs, in aisle, no sculptured bust,
His monument is Wakefield's Vicar.

Ye nice fastidious ones who blame,
Who ne'er by fortune were illtreated;
When you depart will ye have fame?
Will aught you say be e'er repeated?

Ye who to Mammon bend the knee,
At his shrine golden; see you not,
That, for your wealth, men bow to ye
And fawn: you die and are forgot.

But Goldsmith's fame will perish never;
His pathos e'er makes hearts beat quicker,
His memory men will cherish ever;
And Wakefield e'er will have its Vicar,

Whose thrilling sermon ne'er will fail
To touch hearts free or prison bound.
Remembered e'er will be thy jail,
O Wakefield! thou art classic ground.

DICK SPLINTER.

Dick Splinter was a plucky dog,
A soldier brave, of sterling merit,
And one not vilely giv'n to grog,
Tho' he possessed an ardent spirit.

While on the field, and in the fight,
Poor Dick was of a leg bereft;
I know not whether left or right,
Whichever 'twas his leg was left.

His foot its tread was made to stop,
  Its corns and he then ceased to shoot;
Compelled was he a leg to swop,
  For one of timber—without boot.

His soldier's fame was dearly bought,
  Too late he learned its cutting cost;
Severely was he schooled and taught,
  And lessen'd much by what he lost.

When young he read of deeds that charm'd,
  Then, a foe had ne'er alarmed him;
But when he lost his leg while arm'd—
  That at once, you see, disarm'd him.

Unarm'd they bore him from the field
  Of arms, not armless, but with arms
To which his lovely Peg would yield
  Herself, with all her killing charms.

Says Dick, "They've shot away my leg,
  The upshot is I'm paid a pension;
So now I'll hop away to Peg—
  I can but pay her lame attention.

My undertaking is a wife,
  I've had one painful undertaking,
Im'pair'd am I, and that for life—
  To pair with Peg may be my making."

He pleaded that he lost his limb
In action, at the call of duty,
And fought for her who was to him
His richest prize and rarest *booty*.

'Twas said by friends—his means would stint her—
A man so propp'd up was not proper;
Peg vowed that she would splice with Splinter,
If milled she were by her dear hopper.

With splicing he was much elated,
To Peg he now was all attention,
And seldom got inebriated,
Except 'twas when he drew his pension.

His spindle leg not made to spin,
Would at those times be made to reel;
For Dick would toast, and pledge with gin,
The Army, with a soldier's zeal.

As from the Stump Inn and his cups,
Homeward stumping he would stagger,
With curvings, jerkings, downs and ups,
And scraps of song and noisy swagger.

When landed home, he'd firmly vow
To her his dear and better half,
That fields of battle couldn't cow
Him, tho' it left him but a calf.

His timber leg you may suppose,
  Was that in which he took least pride;
"It hasn't even timber toes,"
  He'd say; "it isn't bonyfied" *(bona fide)*.

When sober he would gravely say,
  "'Twould check a man, tho' e'er so brave,
And make him stumble on life's way,
  To have a foot within the grave!"

He said, "'Twas hard a leg to lose—
  To go, as 'twere, by feet and inches—
One may not be so pinched with shoes;
  But want of foot—'tis that which pinches!"

That foot, that with elastic bound
  Had march'd with Foot, sometimes footsore,
Now rested in a foot of ground,
  And never would it foot it more.

About the shock which made him reel,
  He'd spin his loving wife a yarn;
While she would darn his stocking heel,
  And wish she had its mate to darn.

His Peg would with him sympathize,
  A woman's heart had she to feel;
She'd say, with pitying, moisten'd eyes,
  That want of calf was woe—not *weal*.

She did not hold herself in fear
Of him whose person was commanding.
Sometimes he'd say, "You know, my dear,
You've only half my understanding."

And then, by way of smart retort,
"You're understanding's rather wooden,"
His wife would say, but quite in sport;
When Dick would laugh, and call't a good un.

If he to spleen should e'er give vent,
And fume, like beer from cask or keg,
His wife on peace was ever bent—
She was his froth-preventing Peg.

To represent the parent stock,
And to enliven dreary winter,
There came a chip from the old block,
Or, in other words, a Splinter.

Dick's leg, tho' stiff, would bear a joke—
For he sometimes could be a joker—
He'd give the fire-grate's ribs a poke
With it, as tho' 'twere but a poker.

Then snugly by the fire would Dick
With patience sit, a thing required;
His wooden leg straight out would stick,
As if held up to be admired.

His thrifty wife, with look so sly,
  Quite useful made it; for, of course,
She'd bits o' things to air and dry—
  It served her for a drying horse.

Says Dick, "My bearing leg of wood
  Has other bearings now, I see,
An ill wind 'tis that blows no good—
  I'm blow'd but 'twas a blow for me.

He who had charg'd with Infantry,
  'Mid smoke, and glare, and din of battle,
Would charge his pipe and smoke; then try
  To please his infant charge with rattle.

He pray'd his brat might never lose
  A limb, for 'twas a thing so cutting;
Nor might he stand in father's shoes,
  But be on better, safer footing.

Happy Splinters! may ye sail on
  Through a life of pleasant winters,
Pegs are ye to hang a tale on;
  Let those who doubt it go to Splinter's.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ADAM.

BY A LINE-AL DESCENDANT.

WHEN Adam was a little boy,—
But stay,—'tis said he never was one,
And never was a mother's joy,
And sisters dear had he, alas, none!

'Tis said that he was made of clay,
In manly mould, and then made quick—
Was in the slang of his own day,
For obvious reasons styled a "brick."

The records of his time unfold—
There are who bear them out in plenty—
That he, when but a minute old,
Appeared full-grown, and one and twenty.

He never lay on mother's lap,
Nor had in cradle gentle rockings,
He never wore a baby cap,
Nor little knitted socks, or stockings.

Ne'er made with rattle little dins,
Nor played with toys in little box,
Was ne'er made cry by nurse with pins,
Nor suffered with the chicken pox.

No teething time had he, nor croup,
  Those ills which take our offspring off;
He span no tops, nor trundled hoop,
  And quite escaped the whooping cough.

He never went to school of Dame,
  As now our children do when young;
He never lisped a mother's name,
  Although he spoke the mother tongue.

The food he ate was mostly fruit
  Of juicy kind, not earthy roots;
And, as for clothes, why, not a suit
  Had he, nor yet a pair of boots.

Of trunks and chests he had no need,
  Or drawers in which to keep his linen;
No plates had he from which to feed,
  Nor aught to keep a drop o' gin in.

No cup for bev'rage clear and cool,
  No blade of steel to use for cutting;
Four-footed beasts, that drank from pool,
  Were more than on an equal footing.

But then he had a tongue for blab,
  And he could reason, and was lucky,
Because, that he had hands to grab
  The fruit from boughs, which made him plucky.

In embryo, were all appliances
In him yea even Eve his Madam;
All arts, philosophies and sciences,
From Plato downwards to McAdam.

Homeric epics and Miltonian,
Of battles fought, and Edens lost.
Thought transcendental, Emersonian;
Claims indirect, war, and its cost.

And yet no house had he, nor shed,
With door and lock, and key to lock it;
Of prowling thieves he had no dread,
For he had nought in purse or pocket.

Yet he would hide in leafy bowers,
To 'scape the sun; by breezes fann'd,
Charged with the scented breath of flowers,
His hide, like leather, got well tann'd.

No wines had he in archèd vault;
A simple diet was his fare;
No ribs of beef, nor spare-rib salt,
Although he had a rib to spare.

Of nature he was lord and king;
And there was no one to dethrone him,
But yet, there happened this strange thing,
While sleeping, some one tried to "bone" him.

He was his own police, of course,
For other bobbies there were none;
He had command of A 1 force,
And was himself you see A 1.

He had the power to roam at will,
And into nature's mysteries probe;
At finding names he had great skill,
But, where his beat was, beats the Globe.

He saw the funny freaks of apes;
He heard the noisy parrots prate;
He got into no awkward scrapes;
He was himself chief magistrate.

No partial leanings; quite upright;
He ne'er exposed himself to blame;
He never saw his naked plight,
Till mischief-making woman came.

He was a very loyal man,
And social, though he lived alone;
His motto was the good old plan,
Of "Cottage, Altar, and the Throne."

In time when men had much increased.
And sects had grown, it is avowed
By Churchmen that he never ceased
To aid their faith, now State endowed.

A Protestant, and free from vice,
He in St. Abel's held a pew,
A church next door to Paradise:
Of course, he always voted blue.

A BAR STAVE.

THAT gentle maid who waits in bar—
On dainty ones who sip their wine,
And whiff with grace the choice cigar—
Is somewhat *winning* I opine.

Though not so tall as some I've seen,
Who put on queenly airs commanding;
Yet she has breadth: her robes, I ween,
Conceal a goodly understanding.

Her chest is full, and finely rounded;
Her neck is column-like and fair;
Her bound up hair, seems hair unbounded,
And groomed precisely to a hair.

Her bearing and her style attract;
Her words purl out with silvery warble;
Her skin is clear, her build compact,
She like a Venus is in marble.

Her style of dress, from neck to waist,
  Her fine voluptuous form displays;
Her ornaments are neat and chaste;
  And then she has such *taking* ways.

Her features, one and all have charms:
  Such lips! oh dear! and then her chin!
Time spent with her both cheers and warms,
  And makes a man to spend his "tin."

About her gay exquisites flit,
  With vests festooned with golden guards,
Whose "tog" and kids superbly fit,
  Like figures on the fashion cards.

On all she will sweet smiles confer,
  And on her beam the eyes of Loony,
Who gives his whisky, hot, a stir,
  With looks of being rather spooney.

The portly, full dressed, aged buck,
  Urged by that nude and dimpled boy,
Endearingly will call her duck;
  For is she not a *dear* decoy?

STRIKING LINES.

WHAT very striking times are these;
Each hour with strikes and striking rings,
The world seems somehow ill at ease—
What workmen's strikes and strikes of kings.

And Gladstone, too, a strike has made,
Which struck with some surprise the nation;
His Bill struck out—a bill to aid
A high Hibernian education—

Put break on legislation's wheels;
Made politicians—ever busy—
To speculate and say, "By reels
And turns about we may get Dizzy."

The miners strikingly combine,
And cease to mine—to force conditions
Which tend our trade to undermine.
We can't have coal for coal-itions.

With some degree of warmth, the Press
Flares out its light to clear each doubt;
It says, the output being less,
The flarers up are much put out.

Words oft to this effect are said
By persons o'er a social cup—
"Coal, resting in its lowly bed,
Would soon come down if 'twere got up."

The pitmen will not strike a stroke,
Nor yet go down without a rise;
And coal is now beyond a joke,
For stove ar-*range*-ments there are cries.

The gasmen struck and made a din
Which struck the Cockneys with affright;
Their striking made the law strike in,
Which struck for them a dismal light.

Our "bobbies" when on beats at night,
Of striking qualities don't lack;
If luckless wight has got too "tight,"
They make him feel, he gets his whack.

Awhile ago the women struck
Against the charges butchers make;
They say the butchers need have pluck
When known to have so much at steak.

They do not stick at Shylock's point,—
A pound of flesh they won't e'en buy;
The times they say are out of joint,
And legs have run up much too high.

The butchers cut up rather tough,
And very rudely deal with hearts;
They with the innocent are rough,
But then they have their tender parts.

Strikes with them and knock-down blows
Occur each week; well used to steel
As heroes, they will rank with those
Who bleed for home and country's *weal.*

TO DR. CUMMING.

Say, what of England's future, Dr. Cumming?
Say, you who give the prophets such a thumbing,
And books apocalyptic; without humming
Or ha-ing, tell us really what is coming,
And mock us not with any kind of mumming.
Give the Hebrew's harp a tuneful strumming;
Interpret to us with a clear upsumming,
As is your wont while in your pulpit drumming,
And say why France is getting such a pumming,
In your prophetic view from your pro-scen-ium,
Will giving France a milling bring millennium?
Or do the clash of arms and cannon's boom
Portend the coming of the crack of doom?

For our advantage, as did Joseph Ady,
Do tell us all about the scarlet lady.
And what are your views concerning the Jews—
The scattered abroad whom Christians abuse,
Who live in the stews and Hounsditch purlieus,
Who interest take in fast ones who lose,
Who put on the screws to come at their dues?
Pray do not refuse to say, through the News,
When the time shall come for their very last cruise
To the land where David first courted the muse,
And wrote the Psalms that we now peruse,
Where his beautiful son, who had not a bruise,
Aspired to step in his father's shoes,
Where Solomon, wisest of all Hebrews,
Had women about him of various hues,
Fair blondes, and blacks, and learnéd blues,
Who had in his palace their own little pews,
From which he could any time pick and choose,
I feel very anxious, do pray me excuse,
And curious to know how you get your cues
For clearly unwinding futurity's clues.
The reason is this, if you're wishful to know,
If the Jews be really going to go,
I want to dispose of a lot of "ole clo."

I WOULD NOT BE A BIRD.

I WOULD not be a bird,
  As some have wished to be,
E'en should my songs be heard,
  And I at top of tree.

And if I were, what then?
  Ay! there comes in the rub,
Why, mated to a hen,
  And looking out for grub.

I might sing in the sun,
  Or leafy shady spot;
Some fellow with a gun
  Might have at me a shot.

I might be caged on high;
  On seeds and water sup;
I might be cooked in pie,
  And then be gobbled up.

My plumage and my skin
  A barber's shop might grace,
There, perched a case within,
  As often is the case.

If I had wings like bird,
With my rotundant size,
Should I not look absurd
As claimant for the skies?

I need not wings to fly
To get to her I love,
Whose resting place on high
Is in the room above.

LINES TO E——.

I KNOW a maid, by Wharfe's clear stream,
As pure and gentler than its flow,
Whose lovely eyes so mildly beam,
Affection gleams in their sweet glow.

Like that pale flower with odour sweet,
So neatly unassuming when
Bedecking primly green retreat,
And mossy slopes in shady glen.

A flower beloved by old and young,
Esteemed all gaudy flowers above;
Whose modest mildness bards have sung,
As I would sing of her I love.

Such is the nature of her mind,
A charm to converse she can lend;
A woman's graces, soft, refined,
Harmonious in her being blend.

Her mellow voice in cadence swells
With tones whose rich vibrations thrill;
Her laugh rings like sweet chime of bells,
In distance heard, when all is still.

Her eye with soft emotion beams,
Bespeaks a soul that upward mounts,
That with a pure affection teems,
As flowing rills gush from their founts.

Long years have fled since first we met,
Then kindled in my breast a flame,
From her concealed, that's burning yet—
Which now I own, then dared not name.

O, would that we again could meet!
That I might clasp her to my breast;
With love's warm words I would her greet,
As though she were an angel-guest.

I'd sit by her and press her hand
In mine, and gaze on her sweet face
In silence, as if fairy wand
Had fixed me spell-bound to the place.

Then, maiden fair, by Wharfe's clear stream,
Sweet as pale primrose on its brim,
O, think of him whose waking dream
Is e'er of thee! O, think of him!

TO MY NIECE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Could I command the muse so coy,
I would in numbers sweet essay,
My dear young niece, to wish thee joy
On thy returning natal day.

And, ere another year rolls round,
I would it were thy happy fate
To be by sacred ties fast bound
To some loved captain as his mate,

To voyage together o'er life's sea
In love's trim craft, with breezes fair,
Bright prospects ever on your lea,
With balm and sunshine everywhere.

May years harmoniously pass on;
May discord never come to thee;
May life in age be dwelt upon,
Like sweet remembered melody.

THE MUSE.

ONE night I sat musing with thoughts on the muse,
I had lighted my pipe, having scanned o'er the news,
Reclining I sat, raised and cushioned my feet,
The odorous weed was soothing and sweet,
Night's stillness prevailed, all was silent repose,
The smoke from my pipe curved and curled as it rose.
I watched its nice wavings, then gazed on the fire,
And craved that the Muse would come and inspire
With sweetly attuned and classical lyre;—
I lovingly, feelingly, pressed and besought her
To come if she could, if not—send her daughter!
She came, but instead of the poet's ideal,
A heavenly Muse, she was earthly and real:
No airy-light being for Bard to adore,
But a hairy young jade whose mews were a bore.
She had in her train, in lieu of the lyre,
A lewd, lurking lot, a squalling queer quire;
Nor harp, nor sweet lute, nor lyre did they use,
But vocal responses they made to her mews.
There came certain sounds, not dulcet nor dull,
Sometimes as a solo, then chorus in full.
And then a refrain from two that had met,
And could not refrain from a warlike duet.
Their notes were not gleesome, but as it were snatches
Of something that seem'd like attempts at rude catches.

And then as to words, no word could I catch,
But something that plainly meant, "Come to the scratch."
Such a con-cat-enation of sounds, I declare,
The great Catalani, could she have been there,
Her chromatic scales of sharps and of flats
Outdone would have been by this concert of cats:—
Notes from cats young—notes from cats old,
Notoriously, each had a tail to unfold,
Quite telling, and waggish each tail, I dare say,
Which each would unfold in a roundabout way:
It seemed a cat's meeting, met for a schism,
Each cat caterwauling his own catechism.
Some suddenly made the sharpest appealings,
With feline regard to each fellow cat's feelings,
For, in their debates on feline affairs,
They came to fine points, even splitting of hairs,
And if by mischance one should make the least slip,
Directly he found himself caught on the hip.
Each Tom would watchfully cautiously pause
For a chance, that he might insert his own clause:—
It needs a cat's paw to sustain a cat's cause,
When cats hold a court to uphold courting laws.
There were sounds quite near and sounds from afar,
And sounds as of cats having got a catarrh.
A gong I have heard, and heard of a tom-tom;
Of all the Toms that queer noises come from,
Not Indian yells in tomahawk combats
Could rival the yells of these rival Tom cats.

Their mews, so unmusical, made me mew-sick;
I wished the cats catted, and caught up a stick,
And rushed out to smite, as of old did the Jews,
Pus-illanimous puss waited not for *the* bruise.
I sought for repose, and reclined on my bed,
But cats and their mews still ran in my head;
I dreamt in the night of a fearful affray,
Which was only dispelled by the dawning of day;
A silvery voice my ear gladly caught,
Saying, "Father, my word! the cats have *so* fought."
And though 'twas assuring to hear my boy's word,
I feared a catastrophe might have occurr'd,
I went to my garden to look for the slain,
For some signs of carnage or wounded in pain;
No dead cat nor ghost of a cat saw I there,
All, all had vanished to down and thin hair!
Would you know why no cat of its life was bereft,
Nor even the corpse of a single cat left?
'Tis said, with what truth I will not opine,
That instead of one life each cat has got nine.
I went to my kitchen with feelings of ire,
And there was Tom snugly enjoying the fire,
Coil'd up on the rug, a nice cosy spot,
He had lapp'd up his milk and left empty the pot.
I said, "You rake!" and I thought he would quail,
But he sleepily wink'd, and just moved his tail.

A LAY ON BANKS.

O, I WOULD sing of banks where wild thyme grows,
Of pendant leaves begemmed with drops of dew;
Of opening flowers that in the evening close;
Of fragrant airs, and skies of azure blue.

I like to see sweet sunny banks of flowers,
To hear sweet warblings from the feather'd throng;
There's love expressed by lark when out he pours,
With thrilled delight, his high exultant song.

I like the lulling liquid sound of streams
That flow 'tween daisied banks o'er pebbly stones;
The sparkling of their dancing, sunlit gleams,
The music of their purling, babbling tones.

I like to scent the balmy breath of flowers
In perfumed breeze from banks and wooded dales;
To see the heath-capped hill that proudly towers
It's head, o'erlooking rill-fed verdant vales.

I like to hear the hum of bees that kiss
The honeyed lips of flowers on banks and moors;
That have their nectar-sipping hours of bliss,
That hoard in waxen cells their winter stores.

I like to see, from moorland height, a grand
Expanded view of wooded dale below;
Rich meadows, hedge-enclosed, sweet pastures, and
A winding stream with sunlight all aglow.

A BANKER'S LAY.

A BANK of time is that of which I sing,
Of ledger leaves that tell when aught drops due,
Of opening large accounts, of coins that ring,
Of drafts, and prospects with a golden hue.

A flowery bank's a bank of no account,
Or notes that come from bills of feathered throng;
E'en notes of mounting lark do not amount
To much, they go for what they are—a song.

The rippling stream, 'tween daisied banks that sings
In liquid notes with babbling modulation,
Is noted not by me whose banking brings,
Not liquid notes, but notes for liquidation.

Sweet odours mingling with the balmy breeze,
Have not the scent of ten per cent or more,
The balm that has the scent to soothe and please,
Is sovereign balm that's minted from the ore.

Sing not of bees that kiss the lips of flowers,
And honeyed nectar sip from golden petals,
That fly from bank to bank in golden hours,
And yet whose cells contain no precious metals.

I wish not on some moorland height to range,
For scenes enchanting and fresh pastures new,
To lend on good security one's change,
Is that which "lends enchantment to the view."

Sing not to me of banks where wild thyme grows,
My bank's a bank of time with timely hours;
The flowers on banks o'er which the sweet air blows
May all "be blow'd" for aught I care for flowers.

THE WORKMAN.

A RIGHT happy man is the workman,
No lurker is he,
But a worker is he,
He works and he sings,
And his earnings he brings
To his wife, who is worthy the workman.

A true, loving wife has the workman,—
She cooks him his meals,
And tenderly feels
For offspring around,
Who joyously bound,
To meet their father, the workman.

Rests awhile after dinner the workman:
Feels a calm inward bliss,
Gives his baby a kiss,
Then off to his work,
Which he does like a Turk,
And at night, sleeps soundly the workman.

A right thinking man is the workman;
As he works he can think,
His head free from drink;—
No toper is he,
Nor a pauper will be,
A right sober man is the workman.

He envies no man, the true workman;
He laughs at the "snobs,"
With watches in fobs;
Who fob themselves up,
That they are the "nobs,"
Who are nought as compared with the workman.

A right honest man is the workman;—
Keeps clear at the shop,
Has no need to "pop;"
Conjugally blest,
His wife does her best,
And "pulls the same way" with her workman.

In his leisure at home, the good workman
Takes his babe on his lap,
And with loving pretence,
Says he'll give it a slap;
But the babe with its sense
Only chuckles and crows at the workman.

The children, the wife, and the workman,
On Sundays will walk,
And reverently talk
Of the unseen power
That colours the flower;
A reverent man is the workman.

Time never hangs on with the workman;
His mind well employed,
His meals well enjoyed;
If amusement he needs,
Something pleasing he reads,
When to bed have been got the young workmen.

Plies her needle, the wife of the workman.
While stockings she darns,
She can listen to "yarns,"
Looking up between whiles,
She lovingly smiles,
As her glances meet those of her workman.

A MUSICAL RESPONSE.

[At the request of a committee, formed to get up a banquet to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of a Choral Society, the writer—with his personal knowledge extending over thirty years of the Society's existence, and with what information he had given to him by others—gave a sketch of its vicissitudes from its commencement in 1821 up to 1871. It was pre-arranged that the historical sketch should be given as a response to the toast of the Society. As the introduction to the sketch amused those who heard it, and those who read it as reported, the writer hopes that, as a piece of light playfulness, it may please and amuse, and not be out of place in places away from the place in which it was given.]

Being forewarned that I should be pitched upon, after a "pitch in" with a fork, to do a stave, which I could not well stave off; having been requested to put together a few notes, to which you might listen and take a note of on this notable occasion, respecting this notable society of fifty years notoriety,—by way of prelude I will begin, as is customary on festive occasions, with a laudamus, or

song of praise. Societies, musical or otherwise, and especially bodies of men filling positions in corporations, after filling vacancies in their own individual corporations with solids and fluids, feel themselves to be of some weight in society, and, as a matter of course, feel satisfied with themselves. As poets are allowed a license in the use of language, so musicians are allowed to be crotchety, and to sing their own praises. Our distinguished guests will forgive me if I tell them that though they deservedly hold high positions, yet it is we who are the people of note; it is we who make a noise in the world; we who give tone to society. 'Tis true that some of us have a very bass part to take, but that is a fundamental necessity. Some of us run counter to everything, but those who do so have lofty aspirations. Others take a middle course, and go on the even tenor of their way; whilst our fair ones, though they will put on their airs, give us treble delights, and they gracefully consort with us, and as man gets his first impressions from woman, it may fairly be said of our fair ones, that in music as in life they take a leading part and lend a charm to the harmonies of life. To the artistic eye their forms of beauty stand pre-eminent; to the musical ear their voices are the most melodious. Like poets they have their lofty flights, but not always fancy's flights nor flights that husbands

fancy. It was once said in my hearing, and others may have heard the same, that Bradford people were too much absorbed in making money to care anything about music or poetry; that musical notes and rythmical numbers were not the notes and numbers that they took note of or with which they cut a figure. A wag replied and said that Bradford people, especially the manufacturers and merchants, had both music and poetry in their compositions, and the burden of their song or jubilate was, mentally, hallelujah, ten per cent.! The utilitarian whose ear is only attuned to the ring of the precious metals has precious little sympathy with musicians and music. He prefers substance to sound. All that we can say of him is that he is deficient, and is wanting in that medium through which we receive so much pleasure. Then only think of the moral advantages that we derive from the exercise of our musical faculties. My friend White, the previous speaker, who is a musical philosopher, always contends that music, like hanging (barring the drop) has an elevating tendency. He says that to practise the scales gets you into a higher scale of being. It may seem a scaly argument, but it is one worth weighing. He further says that being enabled to do staves you may more easily get up the social ladder; and as an evidence of the refining influence of music, we see it in the elegant

and graceful manner of the bowing and scraping of our fiddlers. My friend's clinching argument is this—that with all the scrapes fiddlers get into, with sometimes literally playing the deuce, and that with all the stringing up of their instruments they never play the "hangment," so as to get strung up themselves; and further that singers can hold on to a suspension chord without letting a suspension cord hold on to them; in short, that musical strains have a restraining influence, so that we rarely are ever brought under the restraining power of magistrates. On the contrary, the magistrates, on this occasion, have been constrained to come before us. And my opinion is, that such is the faith of my friend in the power of music to elevate, that even *miners* could be made into majors; and that, if music were generally cultivated throughout the land, crime would disappear, our jails would be empty, and that penal laws would be erased from the statute book. That if the British Constitution were based on a system of thorough bass there would be less of baseness; the people would be in harmony with the Constitution, and the Constitution would be in harmony with the people. We should then be able to pay the National Debt off in notes, and make peaceful overtures to other Powers on account of the charm we should give by our musically diplomatic notes. We could put in a flat here, to

counterbalance a sharp there. Discordance would merge into harmony. We, as a people, would work in concert with each other, and parts would become one harmonious whole, Radicalism, and all other isms would end in ora-toryism.

WANTED A WIFE.

A SONG FOR THE CONCERT ROOM.

If any lady wants a prize,
In shape of loving mate,
Then let her cast on me her eyes,
And duly contemplate.

I wish to take a partner in,
In trade parlance, a sleeping one,
Yet wide awake, with lots of "tin,"
A laughing not a weeping one.

'Tis well to be possessed of means,
If one can so arrange;
To go through this life's changing scenes
One needs a little change.

Sweet faces, fair with blooming health,
Fill not our larder shelves;
And sometimes plain ones without wealth
Are fortunes in themselves.

The lovely ones have my regard;
I like the good and clever;
A thing of beauty, saith the bard,
To me a joy is ever.

That lady with the pretty nose,
Will she with me invest?
Will she her all in me repose,
For sake of interest?

Will she consent my spouse to be?
Would having me content her?
Say, will you go to church with me,
Or are you a dissenter?

For bound am I to cross life's sea,
That universal trip;
Say, lady will you sail with me
In craft called partner-ship?

There is a tide in our affairs,
When taken at its flood,
Which on to fame and fortune bears,
Or leaves us in the mud.

Then, lady, would you with me pair ?
Don't hesitate or falter ;
I'll be your tide in this affair,
And float you to the altar.

If you would thus a venture try,
I'd bear with you each shock ;
We might, like others, sell and buy,
We might enlarge our stock.

We might be brought to grief and shame,
We might have joys and pleasures,
We might make wider spread our name
By having little treasures.

We might be sorely tempest-tossed
Amongst life's rocks and shoals,
We should be made to know the cost
Of butcher's meat and coals.

The future we can not divine,
Nor tell what may be done,
In time there might appear a sign,
Of So-and-so and Son.

We might be left by cruel fate,
To feel want's keenest edges ;
We might be forced to pledge our plate,
Or have too many pledges.

We should, of course, have ups and downs,
Some frowns and looks severe,
And tears, when bills came in for gowns,
And other woman's gear.

Like clouds that darken for awhile,
And then dissolve in rain,
So, after tears comes sunny smile,
And all is bright again.

We might be weaken'd by disease,
Or you dear might get flighty;
We might, like good old Cheshire cheese,
Get very strong and *mighty*.

You might rebel and call me goose,
I might show signs of fight;
My conduct might get very loose
By often getting "tight."

Then, will you link your lot with mine?
Say, with your speaking eye,
Just give a telegraphic sign:
Sweetheart! awhile good bye.

AN EPITAPH ON A POLICEMAN.

HERE lies poor "Bobby" on his back
In earth, for crawling worms a luncheon;
No more will he delinquents whack
Unfeelingly with stick or truncheon.

No more parade in suit of blue;
No more the words "move on" repeat;
No more will he his beat pursue,
Nor any one pursue to beat.

No more, his valour to display,
Will he on little boys make raids;
No more will he in night or day,
Get snacks and smacks from serving-maids.

No more stalk in, and out of inns;
No more on beershops keep an eye;
No more will he o'erlook the sins
Of those who "tipp'd" him on the sly.

No more take eighteen "bob" a week,
For mere pretence of taking care,
And acting like a slinking sneak,
For loafing, lounging, here and there.

An Irish row his courage daunted;
Aloof he kept from savage fray;
Was seldom where he most was wanted,
And wisely sped from harm away.

Divested of his power so brief,
He lowly lies beneath the sod,
For Death has caught him like a thief,
And placed him evermore in "quod."

TRIPS WITH A MUSICAL PARTY TO MASHAM.

Dr. SMILES, in his book entitled "Self Help," has given a short sketch of Wm. Jackson, a self-taught musician, who was born at Masham, a small town on the river Ure, in the Northern Division of Yorkshire, where he wrote two sacred oratorios and other clever musical compositions, and who moved from thence to Bradford, and became the conductor of a large chorus of voices bearing the name of "The Bradford Festival Choral Society," which attained under him such an amount of efficiency as to gain almost a national fame. Mr. Jackson died April 15th, 1866, in his 51st year, and was buried in the Bradford

Undercliffe Cemetery, and a suitable monument to perpetuate his memory was placed over his remains by the Society. The Bradford people, who had become much attached to Mr. Jackson, sorely lamented his loss, and very generously raised a fund for the benefit of his widow who, though not left without means, had a large family of children to raise. The Masham people, wishing to do something tributary to this fund, invited a number of vocalists, selected from the large chorus, to go there and give a performance, which answered the purpose anticipated and wished for. This led to a second performance the year following, got up for the purpose of raising money to erect a memorial tablet in Masham churchyard, which was accomplished, and ever since a Bradford musical party has been yearly invited, the time chosen being Whitsuntide. The writer has twice had the good fortune to be of the party, and gave at the time an account of each trip in a Bradford journal; and he thinks that some of the descriptive parts of scenic beauties are worthy of retention in a more permanent form than the newspaper, which has but a passing ephemeral existence.

The usual route to Masham is by railway to Ripon, and then ten miles in a northerly direction either by the way of Tanfield or Grewelthorpe, in such a manner as best suits the

inclination, either at the expense of shoe leather or horseflesh. There is now being made a railway that will branch off from the North Eastern at the first station beyond Ripon, and will pass Masham at a short distance, which will be a great boon to pleasure seekers and the lovers of the beautiful. To ride from Ripon to Masham in an open conveyance on a sunny day in spring is about as great a treat as a man, most of his time cooped up in a smoky manufacturing town, could have. You go through some of the most extensive and luxuriant hedge-enclosed wooded land in Yorkshire. Here runs the beautiful streamy trout-haunted Ure, made beautiful by its luxuriously rich surroundings, and forming sweet features to the artistic eye in many a lovely view. I shall select from both accounts and endeavour to make a connected whole, making Bradford the starting point.

At seven o'clock A.M. the members of our party joyously started from the Midland station, the weather seeming favourable, patches of sunlight making more beautiful the beautiful valley of the Aire, if we except the river, unless one could indulge in the illusion that the stream was pure, or that it was an outlet of the dark blue ocean, and not the rippling dye water from Ripley's dyeworks. The beautiful residences of Bradford's prospered and prosperous merchants peeping out,

at this time of spring, from the leaf-clad sloping upwood between Apperley Bridge and Newlay adds greatly to its pictorial beauty, and if the river could be made pure and clear the valley would vie with other spots of beauty. We are soon in a purer atmosphere after leaving Holbeck station. While going through Bramhope tunnel its length made me think of a Yankee joke I had read. A traveller, who being pressed for time to properly dress himself, arrived hurriedly in time to just catch the train, and on entering a tunnel asked a fellow traveller how long it would take to get through. Two hours, was the response; with that information he undertook to change his shirt, but to the horror of himself and the astonishment of his fellow passengers, his object was only half completed when the train rushed into daylight, he having the appearance as if preparing for a pugilistic encounter. Supposing a change of linen feasible in utter darkness, there is sufficient time to accomplish such a feat without fear of exposure while going through Bramhope tunnel. After leaving Arthington, we could say with truth that the line fell to us in pleasant places, the country all along looking richly beautiful. Crossing the Wharfe we reach Harrogate, and there take in a bundle of whims and oddities in the shape of Mr. Cumberland, and time whirls away as fast as the wheels. We

cross the beautiful wood-fringed Nidd, which laves through a sweet-looking, food-producing dale, and are soon at Ripon.

It was exceedingly pleasant, on arriving at Ripon Station, to see Mrs. Jackson and the two youngest of her children—the only ones remaining with her at home—standing on the platform, all smiles on seeing Bradford faces. It was pleasant for those who had been before to see the jolly face and burly person of William Jackson, cousin to the lost one, with others who had come with conveyances to carry the party to Masham. It was unpleasant to hear that a Carter, who is a leading as well as a driving man, had, through the stupidity of a publican and sinner, lost his horse that should have done duty in a trap, but had been entrapped away. It was pleasant to journey beside the witty Mr. Cumberland—to be told, on asking the name of the river, that it was (Yo)Ure river, and to have your risibilities tickled up at every turn with all sorts of queer turns, and up and down oddities and strokes of wit that seemed to make the horse go more kindly. It was pleasant to jaunt on a shady road, through avenues of ivy-clad trees, and where there were openings for beautiful situations, and where there are beautiful situations if one could, by any come-unistic means, come at them. And what a beautiful little picturesque spot is

Tanfield. It was here where our Jackson once was a cornmiller, and where his brother, a celebrated angler and maker of fishing flies and tackle, lived and died. He left a work in manuscript, On Flies and Fishing, which was illustrated. This work Mr. Jackson had published after he came to Bradford. Tanfield is about four miles from Masham, and, like it, on the Ure. Here one of our company, an enthusiastic sketcher, stole time to take a church and a portion of what was supposed to be a part of a castle with some water, and then put the whole affair into his satchel for future use. We were soon rattling across the market square of Masham, to the great delight of expectant females and small boys. Here we thought we saw a good sign which seemed to foretell of ham—over the door was the name of Hogget; here we washed; and then did some carving and polishing work. I wish I could carve out a fortune as soon as I saw a quarter of lamb carved. Appetites were as sharp as the knives in use; there was cutting and coming again, and forks for musicians were in the way of being up to pitch. It was literally a refreshing scene.

The hospitable Mashamites seem to know, as did the monks of old, the art of living. Cultivation is so good, and the soil so rich; the meadows at this time seem golden; vegetation is

so luxuriant, such delicious salads; in short, it may be said that the heavens drop fatness, and for us they make their beautiful river contribute to our gustative enjoyment, and we repay them in notes which pass with them, and seem very acceptable, for they wisely live, not by bread alone, but are appreciative of the beauties in Nature, and that most spiritual of all Nature's harmonies, the concord of sweet sounds.

When the tooth had ceased to gnaw, and the pangs of hunger were assuaged, the writer and others, led by a Carter—brother to the one already alluded to — passed through the church yard, through rich meadows to a tributary stream of the Ure that would enchant even faries; its name is Burn, or Bourn, and if I were to describe it to some of my angling friends, they would burn to be at it. Our cicerone gave us the flora of the district, and entomological information respecting insects that were then having their day, and for which trout toss up and go in for a fly. It was pleasing to meet with a Carter so full of information, so communicative, suave, urbane, and gentlemanly in manner, as was also the brother who lost the horse. There are three of those Carters, one has been Mayor of Ripon, and he it is who wrote the libretto for Jackson's *Deliverance.*

There is no great beauty in the village of Masham as a village. Its open market square, with the grey three-storey buildings, has a cold appearance, as not a tree, shrub, or flower border is to be seen, but its surroundings are richly beautiful. Though placed in a valley it is so elevated that whichever way you go into it you have to ascend.

The interior of Masham church is plain and neat. There is a beautifully-executed painting over the centre of the arch that intervenes between the chancel and the body of the church. The meaning of the subject I could not divine, and neglected to inquire. It contains one beautiful figure in bright relief, the loins draped, otherwise nude. It may be that the artist intended to represent an angel seated in a partially reclining posture on a cloud, looking up with face in profile, as if intently listening to the music of the spheres. To me it had the material appearance of an exquisitely formed female in the attitude I have described, and what may be intended for a cloud might easily be taken for a feather bed. It has always seemed inconceivable to me how symbolism could influence in religious worship, yet, I must confess that the effect of this beautiful painting on my feelings was quite the reverse of anything unholy. There is a marble monument of two reclining figures, male and female. The

Latin inscription I was not sufficiently learned to make out, but I saw the classic name of Scrope. If my memory serves me right there was a date of 1617.

As the *finale* to Mendelsshon's "Walpurgis Night" finished up an afternoon's sacred performance, and as the subject of the libretto is legendary, a short description will not be out of place here. The eve of the 1st of May is, I made out from a German friend, equivalent to what is called, in some parts of England, mischief night. In my part of Yorkshire (Craven) it is "t'flittin' neet," and any movable thing that householders may have negligently left out at their back doors, such as wash-tubs, earthenware, pans, cans, pots, brooms, garden gates, farmers' carts and wheelbarrows—all are taken to the village green, or some central place; and on the morning of the 1st of May those who have been careful to make everything safe go to see the collected medley of goods and chattles of their neighbours, and enjoy the mortification of the despoiled, whose only mode of revenge is to grumble while identifying their own property. In the dim past, the mischief perpretated on this night was supposed to be the work of elves and witches, and in North Germany the people go on to the hills and mountains and kindle fires, and from the poem which Mendelssohn has wedded to music, one gathers

the idea that certain rites were performed in order to exorcise the evil spirits. The poet takes us back to the time of Druid worship, and the main idea embodied in the poem is the struggle with good and evil, good finally triumphing.

The writer had the good fortune to be domiciled with a gentleman who seemed to be ready to make a sacrifice of himself to make others comfortable; a man of gentlemanly tastes, without ostentation, intelligent, well-informed, and a very agreeable companion. For the Tuesday our friends had arranged a fine and rich treat for us. We were to be conveyed to Swinton Park, the seat of a widow lady, named Harcourt. The distance being short, Swinton Park joining the precincts of Masham, my host proposed that we should foot it leisurely in advance of the party. We crossed the picturesque bridge that spans the Burn; the birds were carolling joyously, the rooks were making affectionate noises with filling their young gobblers, the stream's gurgling waters rippled through rank luxuriance, primroses were modestly peeping from sheltered nooks, and one almost expected coming at some turn where satyrs would be gambolling, but instead, we turned in at the lodge entrance of Swinton Park. Some of the stones in the arch of the entrance are much weather-worn, and might seem to have done service for centuries; but the residence is com-

paratively modern, in style at any rate, and at a short distance, from the colour of the stone, looks new. It is well placed, its grounds are tastefully ornamented, and there is so much of sylvan beauty as almost to cloy and make you wish for something rugged and barren in close proximity, as a bitter bleak contrast to the sweetness of the scene. There was the artistic-formed winding lake, fed by a crystal rill; on its bosom float graceful swans and other aquatics, the bushy long-tailed squirrel leaps from bough to bough and twig to twig. To me, the greatest novelty was the large herds of deer here and there, which made me think that if all over the park the herds were so thickly scattered, dear me! there must be thousands of deer. Jackson's "O, the flowery month of June" was sung under the windows of the hall, followed by two or three other part songs, and to try our loyalty, the vocalists were asked to sing the usual prayer for the Queen, and were not asked to drink her health.

On coming out of Swinton Park to start for Hackfall we should be a short distance from the river and not so much above the level of its banks, but we keep rising and rising till we are winding up the side of Nutwith Moor, and here we come to whin bushes and the first appearance of barrenness. On the moor not far from where we are, there are evidences of what was

once a Roman encampment. We get to the summit of the hill which forms the highest part of Hackfall, which is to our left, and we are now 500 feet or more above the bed of the river. A little further with a slight decline we come to the entrance to the grounds. On alighting and looking about to see who's who, there is a squad of well-dressed persons with happy faces from Masham, and there is Mrs. Jackson, and jolly round-faced Ben Ascough, from Ripon, once Mr. Jackson's partner as tallow chandler, and to make the scene more gay there is driven up apace an open carriage and pair, with flunkeys in officer's livery. The carriage contains two elegantly dressed ladies whom I recognise to have been at the afternoon's performance on the previous day; mother and daughter I take them to be; they alight. The mother has a fine aristocratic bearing, and smiles blandly on the company, the tall and queenly daughter seems not to shrink from plebeian gaze, the gate is opened, precedence is given to them, and we enter a place of beauty preceded by the graces. The beginning is grove-like, with a stream on the right of our path, and on each side of the path are dense masses of white flowers, that make it seem like walking between snowdrifts. We descend gradually, the rivulet falling in cascades from shelving rocks at intervals; we get deeper and deeper, and the

wooded acclivities on each side slope up higher and higher, and their tops get wider apart as we approach nearer the river into which this cascading rill falls. When we get to the opening into the river's course, we have a beautiful view up the river to our left, and the rising woods slope up from each side to a great height and form a vista, and the beautiful spire of Masham Church is a pointed object in the distance.

From where we are having this view, out of about the middle of the right acclivity comes gushing a chain-like, silvery rill, which does not spread as it falls, but seems to keep about the thickness of a man's arm, and is the same in volume winter and summer, and has qualities that would harden a teetotaller's heart and make it become a heart of stone. On the left of our path is a seat opposite the rill, and it is built over by stone composed of leaves and sticks, petrified by this ever running rill. From here we take to the right, and ascend by steps and steep windings up to the height or higher than from whence we started. Here is an octagonally-formed erection of stone, artistically intended for effect. When you see it from the bottom, perched on the acclivity, it calls to mind weird stories and pictures of castles on the Rhine.

Out backwards from this place we have a fine view down the vale of York, and the Minster

can be distinctly seen on clear days. From the front we have the same view as the one spoken of before we began the ascent, only more extensive on account of the elevation. At this point all the company assemble, the vocalists form a circle and sing a glee or two. The majestic lady and her queenly daughter are here to listen, the latter looking over the book of one of the lady singers. The singing is so good here that a squirrel is charmed, comes very near, and seems to exuberantly enjoy himself. From here we take to the right, the way the river runs, which slightly bends away from us. Our path is a ledge in the broken earthy acclivity, and as we go on, looking to the left riverward, there are very steep precipitous places, trying to weak nerves. Here and there are rustic seats placed where are picturesque views. Near to the bottom the path winds short round, so that we now go up the stream getting near the water's edge; in the middle of the stream is a devoted angler whipping the water for trout and exercising patience. We next come to a Swiss cottage, in which are chairs with a table in the centre a century old. Standing with our backs toward the river and looking up, we seem to be in the centre of a large amphitheatre, and here comes tumbling down a sparkling rivulet. From here, too, we see the romantic effect of the two artificial, and from here, castle-like structures

standing at the top of each corner at the entrance of the great grove down which we first came. The one to our right is our final goal, and is called Mowbray Point—by some called Mowbray Castle. The left is the octagonal one already described and visited.

Our destination now is Mowbray Point, save that after a little more toiling upward we come to a mossy plateau in the centre of which is a pond, by which you might coolly ponder. Its bosom is nearly covered with the leaves of a water plant the name of which I have forgotten. It might have been here where the poet wrote, "Here in cool grot and mossy cell," for the cell is here. From the edge of this mossy plateau is a sweet bit of water scene seen through a vista of trees. This is just the spot for moonlight fairy revels. On previous occasions this is the spot where the glee alluded to was sung. This time the "Hardy Norseman" is sung, and as we are just at the foot of Mowbray Point, the listeners there look down on us from a great height, cheer, and make strong calls for a repeat, but the stronger calls of hunger prevail, and our motto is excelsior, to loftier heights and more inspiring scenes, where the inner man can be refreshed in an inner room, and not in the room of an inn. A last effort is made, and the Point is gained, and here is the grand climax to the

scene—seeing at Hackfall. The Carter who lost the horse comes to me, and asks, in his quiet gentlemanly way, "How do you like this, sir?" I answer him with moistened eyes and somewhat tremulous voice, and as if he supposes I am overpowered, he says, "Will you take a glass of wine?" I say, "I will." "Do you like a dry sherry?" I say, "I do." "I have some of a particular quality, old," says he, "which I consider fine." So we step into the inner room, where as many of the Bradford party as can, are seating themselves round a table bountifully laden with substantial provisions, which have been brought in a covered conveyance from Masham, and there were baskets and hampers that would have hampered the resisting powers of a teetotaller to have seen. A Mr. K., good soul! on this occasion, as in the intervals of the musical performances the day previously, entirely devotes himself to the bottle, and his doings are most refreshing. I partake of the particular sherry, and I find that a Carter can be a connoisseur in wines, for this dry sherry is particularly nice to wet with, and I come out into the front enclosure better fortified for contemplating the scene.

I gaze awhile with subdued amazement, then I go on one side with Mrs. Jackson to have a quiet chat. She wants to know what I think about Masham, and those with whom I came in

contact. I tell her of certain talks I had with some of her friends. Then I turn round to look at the happy faces of the company assembled in the railed enclosure, and I recognise several additional Bradford faces, so that altogether the place seems one of enchantment. I look into the room, and there are gleamings of knives and forks, thumping sounds of released corks, and I hear gurglings into goblets, and our Masham friends are looking after everybody but themselves. My host is fairly making a martyr of himself. In time, the serious and difficult business of satisfying draws to a close, for some have a look of being replete with goodness and good things, and preparations are made for song, harmony, and joyousness.

We have traversed the grounds, down gentle slopes, up steep ascents, in picturesque windings, past purling rills, heard tinkling waterfalls, and the ever carolling of birds, seen rich and rank undergrowth, ferns of every variety, and the lavish bedeckings of fair Flora; seen mossy dells, and cool retreats, and the grand panorama of wood, rising up tier above tier, an audience of trees in a huge colosseum, rising 500 feet high, the blue sky for its canopy and a grand river laving its base, the trees clad in every tint of Spring's virgin beauty. And now, where we are we have all this for a foreground, and over and

beyond in front, and around from north to south, is as fine and as rich a wooded landscape as ever eyes had the pleasure of scanning. The gentlemen vocalists carol out in their best manner and greet lovely spring-time cheerily, and sing of flowers and the miller's lovely daughter, each gentleman stoutly contending in the most melodious and harmonious way that the miller's lovely daughter is his own. I have heard of certain foretastes, and seen Martin's picture of the plains of heaven, and I have read Milton's description of Paradise. All are more than realised to one's senses here. Jackson's "O the flowery month of June" is sung; I turn round to look at Mrs. Jackson. She is looking down with moistened eye. I think of the pleasing sorrow she is having to think that he who was the object of her dearest affections when living, had left that behind which was giving pleasure, and will give pleasure to generations to come, and a sympathetic tear stole down my cheek.

'Tis only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. At the evening concert the previous night Mr. Cumberland brought into view a Hogarthian picture of grins. He certainly is the most inimitable mirth-inspiring fellow to be met with. I sat by a sombre-coated gentleman, with the face of an anchorite. I cast glances at this gentleman while a comic song was being sung, and it

seemed to me as if he were being serious for a a wager, for he seemed to be struggling with every muscle in his face, and a beautiful young lady who seemed to think it would be vulgar to cachinnate aloud put her book of words before her face, and I saw spasmodic movements of her body that almost betokened convulsions. So here Mr. C. stands on the steps of the portico, not like a Roman orator, but like a true son of Momus, and the faces before him are so sympathetic, from youth to mature age, that a picture is presented that is exquisitely humorous.

The sun is waning, and one of our party, in neatly turned appropriate terms, proposes a vote of thanks to the Masham people for their generous hospitality to the Bradford people. It is seconded, and the Masham people, one and all, are sung "Jolly good fellows." Our Yorkshire Santley,* with his ringing stentorian voice, acts as fugleman, and cheers are given such as Yorkshiremen can give. The Masham people return the compliment. We take a last fond look of the grand expansive view. There is a thin haze in the distance that would have delighted a Turner. The outlines of the Hambleton Hills are dimly seen, and the receding rich landscape softens and mellows away to the horizon and mingles with the

* Mr. Thornton Wood.

blue azure. We take a last look of Masham—nestled in rich repose—and we leave the grand and the beautiful in nature, aided by art, the verdant hedge-enclosed meads, the clear streams, the pure air, for the smoke-begrimed, air-poisoned, and stream-polluted town, for civilised barbarism and the bondage of commercialism.

THE BROKEN SPELL.

ONE lovely day—ne'er mind the date—
I left the town for sunny fields;
'Twas ere I had made choice of mate,
Or knew what matrimony yields.

Soft, genial thoughts within me stirr'd;
I said, on hearing lark above,
"Would I could chant, as does that bird,
In fair one's ear a lay of love."

Anon, I saw a beauteous form,
In rich dress draped of ample fold,
Which made me glow with feelings warm,
So perfect was its shape and mould.

'Twas living, moving, graceful, real,
I said, "I will this fair one know;
Her form approaches my ideal,
O would that I might be her beau!"

A goddess was she in my sight,
And might command my true devotion;
Her even gait was airy-light,
And sylph-like was her every motion.

I hasten'd on with quicken'd pace,
With quicken'd pulse my heart was beating,
I said, "I'll see her lovely face,"
And words of love began repeating.

"O let me not," I said, "offend
By forward speech, or rude advance,
As would the libertine, a friend
Am I, who would her joys enhance."

I modest salutation made,
With chaste address and courteous mien,
And lover-like devoirs I paid,
And bent with grace as to a queen.

Her presence, like some potent spell
Of sweet enchantress, had the power
To make spontaneous love upwell
Within, in that delicious hour.

I talked of flowers and woodland scenes
At first, then, of that blissful life,
When woman on a husband leans
And husband loves a loving wife.

She walk'd so mutely by my side,
As if to catch each word I said,
Her lustrous eyes were open wide,
And parted were her lips so red.

My words of love like rilling brook,
Purl'd out devoid of guile or craft;
When, all at once, she flash'd a look
At me, and said, "t'man must be daft."

"And do you not my feelings share?
And is not love life's sweetest cup?"
I said; then, with contemptuous stare,
She said, "Yeh silly goise, shut up!"

TO BEN PRESTON.

[When the following lines were written, my friend had only a short time left the town to reside on a plot of land which he had bought and enclosed from the moor, and on which he had built a house, now called the Glen Hotel, at which lovers of pure air can refresh themselves. I am happy to say that my wish has been fulfilled as it regards the filling out of my friend's person; either pure air and good fare, or by having pleasures with filling measures, or all put together, have made him stouter, and the consequence is, that his tailor finds it fitting to use less stringent measures, as my friend required more freedom of action, and it had become a seated objection to him to have his subsequent parts too much confined.]

LONG up that hill of fame, dear Ben, a climber,
Hast thou been 'mongst odds and ends in smoky town,
But now, upraised, thou wilt have thoughts sublimer,
'Mong clouds and skies of blue and high hills brown.

'Twas fitting thou should'st be more elevated,
Should'st find a high, if not a blest estate,
A spot where thou would'st be much lower rated,
Or have less rates to pay at any rate.

Thou'lt tune thy lofty lays on land that lays
On banks piled up, yea, e'en above the *Aire*;
Thy lays thou'lt have in sheets in diff'rent ways,
In sheets on shelves, and sheets above the stair.

Sweet roundelays thou'lt hear from songsters gay;
Thy fowls will lay for thee their layings round;
Thy limpid fountain will thy thirst allay,
When thou art laying out thy plot of ground.

Thine ears will charmed have been with lisping lays,
And pained with cries and high discordant squalls,
For children have their little wants and ways,
And appetites, unsatisfied, make calls.

A lonely one is he who has no heirs,
Nor loving wife to claim from him protection;
Who has no mouths to fill, nor filial cares—
For love's sweet ties are bonds of pure affection.

That man who cannot sing a lay of love
To sweetheart, wife, or child in loving tone,
Is he who will not join in lays above—
He much prefers to have his lays alone.

In times gone by it has been said, and oft,
That poets winged their flights up flights of stairs,
And sung in lofty strains all up aloft,
Which gave to airy fancy lofty airs.

O, may thy future be much less embarrassing,
May'st thou grow fat, nor be so lean and lank;
May not thy labour, new to thee, be harassing,
On land thou bought'st from Harris, of the bank.

May't be to thee a bank, returns to yield
  Sufficing for the needs of thee and thine;
'Tis well for enterprise to have a field,
  In which the cultivating powers may shine.

May pleasant lines in pleasant places fall
  To thee, all through the years of life declining;
O, may thy moorland heritage, though small,
  Produce thee corn, and, if not wine, no whining.

If light of other days away have past,
  O may thy days to come be long and lighter;
May clouds ne'er come thy skies to overcast,
  Or, passing, only make life's sunshine brighter.

Thou hast diversified thy life of prose,
  Thy lyric numbers often we rehearse;
Thy weaver's sad adversities are those
  That make us wish thou'd still add verse to verse.

Thy "Nan" will live a type of this our age,
  In type, however much old Time may batter her;
She ever rich will be, and have her page,
  And patient Johnny e'er will have his Natterer.

Shoo will mak sore complaints both leng an lahd,
  An tell of usage bad, an sulk, and let yeh see
Her seaw at summat Johnny calls a shrahd,
  But Johnny says shoo's nooan yet bahn to dee.

PUNCH'S HEAD.

A VERY waggish looking chin,
A mouth that's ever on the grin,
A hooked nose of extra size,
A pair of wicked looking eyes,
With brows that archly aid their twinkle,
A forehead up in every wrinkle,
Head scant of hair and looking bare,
And you have Punch just to a hair.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REMINISCENCES.

A BACHELOR old am I now, when a young one
I then would sing songs, and whenever I sung one,
Its burden would be the getting of pelf;
If ever of love, 'twas the love of myself.

I ardently wished for, and hoarded up gains,
O'er habits expensive I held tight the reins;
Favoured by fortune, few were my mishaps,
And many young misses set for me their caps.

Conceit made me conscious that I was good looking,
And there were fond mothers who thought me
worth hooking;
For home and its comforts I had a desire,
But what would the out-go from income require?

I got my landlady to make me a pie—
A household of eight was in my mind's eye—
I carved it up so that each one might share,
But saw that such carving would leave myself bare.

I had certain friends, who were happily settled,
With children that playfully, pleasingly prattled,
Who squeel'd and romp'd as in play would young
weazles,
I thought what a mess! were they all in the measles?

When the table around to dine they were seated,
And each to a part of the joint had been treated,
The bit that remained, I looked at with sorrow,
And bitterly said, "What a bit for to-morrow!"

Attracted was I by one lovely creature,
So winningly sweet was her every feature,
With manners refined and voice so delicious,
But then I was selfish and very suspicious.

I thought she tried arts my heart to beguile,
I thought of the "get up" and cost of her style;
Her setting of caps was meant me to capture;
Her little love raps were meant to enrapture.

Her neatly formed foot would appear, as by chance,
Like a mouse from a hole attracting my glance,
Dart back, as if frightened, if I did but look,
An angling man-œuvre, I thought, me to hook.

When walking in fields, O, sweet was her smile,
How lightly before me she tripped o'er each stile;
But thoughts, like foul weeds, would inwardly rankle,
I thought 'twas to slightly expose her fine ankle.

Her versatile chat and her laugh had the ring
As of silvery notes from birds when they sing;
But I sordidly felt, and was deeply impressed,
That she thought of the silver and notes I possessed.

She wove me a purse with fingers so neat,
Pursed up her sweet mouth with red lips so sweet;
I said, "these are blandishments ladies rehearse,
When bent on pursuing a man with a purse."

With meanly behaving I found, to my cost,
Instead of my saving, a treasure I lost;
Now, lonely am I, and friend have I not,
And doubly deserve my desolate lot.

LOCAL PIECES PERTAINING TO BRADFORD.

BRADFORD IN ITS TRANSITION STATE.

This Bradford is a thriving place
As any in the nation,
And like a man who takes his port,
It has a Corporation.
Yes, Bradford is a thriving place,
And quite a rising town;
(I take it as a rising sign—
The taking buildings down).
And as a whole it may be said
That Bradford much increases;
It may be said, too, as a whole,
'Tis made a place of pieces;—
Its peaceful people pieces make,
Which sellers of them "puff,"
And tell you they are very good,
While some would say, "All stuff!"
Before these sad degenerate days,
The time is not forgotten,
When Bradford piece goods were all stuff,
And were not warped with cotton.

O! for the Busfeild Ferrand times,
When woollens clothed the body,
Before the time of Brummagem,
Of devil's dust and shoddy;
The time when England fought for glory,
When cannon balls were booming;
The time when looms were not in mills,
But in the distance looming.
And now are times of piping peace,
And times of pipes and pieces;
For, what with boys and chimney flues,
The smoking never ceases.
The greatest pipe of peace in use
By tribes of men romantic,
Is that through which the spark words pass
Beneath the great Atlantic.
Now great machine shops you can see,
With shafts and belts o'er drumming;
And mills to bring millennium in
(If such a time be coming).
Then peaceful stately buildings grand
Are signs that wars may cease;
The pieces sent from them abroad
Are messengers of peace.
Yes, peaceful houses that are piece-full
Betoken peaceful times,
Not baleful are those bales of goods
They send to other climes.

You here can be a travelled man—
Can have your change of scenes—
Can get among wildbores and blacks,
From Coburg to Orleans,
Can see the colours peoples wear,
Of browns and reds and greens,
Amongst the tartans you can get,
And then can skirt moreens.
And there are woolly blankets soft
For those who would repose;
And damask curtains you could have
As red as damask rose.
Then shawls and serges in your way
Will come—not those of ocean—
And checks, and you can have the stripes
If you should want promotion;
And if among the greys or blues
Or reds you list to be,
You would, no doubt, while on your march
Some dashing scarlet see;
You might, too, with Italians meet—
Not those who play and sing,
But those with whom our merchants trade,
That handsome profits bring.
To rival skies' ethereal blue
Each artist vainly tries,
And living men we have who dye
To get beyond the skies.

The tour of Rome some make, whose talk
Of ruins never ceases,
But let them make this tour of rooms,
And see a world in pieces.
You next can have some checkered scenes
With sorters sorting fleeces;
The staple of a stapler's speech
Will be of staple length,
And whether it be long or short
In that consists its strength.
His sort of talk will be of sorts
Of what will make a top
To spin; his yarn will be of wool,
The staple of his shop;
And yarns, if you will thread your way
To trace them to their sources,
You'll find that those who spin them make
Them threads of their discourses.
A man of yarns will talk of counts—
Not Counts of Spain or France;
And lustres,—not illustrious names
That figure in romance;—
His yarns are not those read in books,
As tales of Rome or Greece,
But those when they a reeding get,
Will make a lustrous piece;
A lively turn they have while spinning,
And what is most their good,

If not the spinner's thread of life,
They are his livelihood.
He spins his tops and has his reels,
And, like a wag jocose,
He tells you yarns are very good
When taken in the gross.
I should have ranked the combers first,
But that may make no odds,
The oddest thing is this that tods
Of wool are combed by Todds.
You may say this of Bradford, 'tis
A rising—falling town,
'Tis plainly an uneven place,
And somewhat up and down;
For Kirkgate, Westgate, Darley Street,
With Dale Street, Piccadilly;
All they who make th' ascent of these
Assent that they are hilly.
And rising streets and rising men,
As streams with lofty sources,
Whatever heights they may attain,
Have likewise downward courses.
I do dislike a level town,
It seems so dead and flat,
As if some low deed it had done,
And wished to keep it "squat."
Then Bradford has its pretty names,
So suited to the place,

You might suppose it picturesque
They give it such a grace;
With Banks and Brays, and Hills and Dales,
With Trees, and Woods and Rooks,
With Shepherds, and with loving Swaines,
With Bridges and with Brooks;
And if there is no bonnie Doon,
Why there are bonnie lasses,
And he who would enjoy the brays
Can go among the asses.
And there are streams—impure, I grant—
That ripple past us daily;
And there is Ripley's pois'ning dyes
That kill off all the scaly.
There's water pent in reservoirs—
A large supply and good—
And you can get on swimmingly
In baths, without a flood.
Some streets are being wider made
To give us greater range,
Displaced has been an ugly pile,
To place a new Exchange.
Our wants have much increased of late,
And so we've told our betters;
A better, more commodious place
We want for men of letters.
Directors of the Midland line
Had got us in a bad fix,

But some one timely, like a clock,
Was quite well up in tackticks;
'Tis hoped th' enlightened town will see
To get a better site—
The building for our postal use,
By all means post it right.
And there are other things to do;
I hope in time we shall
Both get a clearer atmosphere
And clear out the canal.
I met a friend the other day
Who gave my ribs a poke—
"You must be on for ribaldry,"
Said I, "Pray what's your joke?"
Says he, "Old boy, it gives me joy
To see you; how's your chest?"
"This smoke," I said, "is very bad,
I cough, and feel oppressed."
Says he, "The chimneys belch it out,
All things exposed are sooty,
The atmosphere, once sometimes blue,
Is now most vile and smutty;
Can nought be done, its getting thicker,
The sky, one can't discern it?"
I said, "You'd better see the Vicar;" *
At which he said, "O burn it!"

* At the time the foregoing was written, the late Vicar of Bradford (Dr. Burnett) was living; also the changes hinted at have been more than realised.

I said, "The Vicar that would name
As *the* best thing to end it;
But come and have a smoke with me,
And see if that will mend it."

A MOTHER'S HOMELY TALK.

IN THE VERNACULAR.

'Tis said, the gentler sex, the old, and young,
The tall, the short, and those of middle size,
Whate'er they lack besides, lack naught of tongue,
And even some have lovely speaking eyes.

I know a mother, and a loving wife,
Who when I call, pours out of words a flood;
Though hers is but a humble sphere of life,
She honest is, straightforward, plain, and good.

Her home and children are her chief delights;
Affection makes her constant toil a pleasure,
And though she has her bits o' tifts and flights,
Her last born child she calls her greatest treasure.

Her talk is in accordance with her light,
A rough, unpolished gem of worth is she,
Her language may seem coarse to ears polite,
But she is guileless, and has innate modesty.

Her offspring are her never-ending theme,
Their constant daily needs from head to feet;
She tells me how she has to plan and scheme
In order, as she says, to mak ends meet.

She says—Wi' mendin stockins, claahtin clooaz,
It seems as if a body ne'er hed doin;
They rive, an teear, an care net haah things gooaz,
They want noa end o' clogs, an boits, an shoin.

Ah say, sometimes, they'd keep a cobbler dooin;
An as for that, a tailyer too, by t' megs!
For soils are al'ays other gone or gooin,
An troozers aaht at knees, or torn i' t'legs.

They'er betther soa ner bein ill i' bed,
Ah knaw, an soa ah al'ays tell ahr Ben;
He grummals, says it's t'fruits o' bein' wed,
Bud then, ye knaw, that's al'ays t'way wi' men.

Ah say, gi' me a bit a dahn goid meyt,
It's betther far ner hevin doctor's bills,
For barns will thrive if they can nobbud eyt;
It's nowt o'clock, that payin brass for pills.

Bud bless yeh! talkin's nother here ner theear,
Sometimes ah tell 'em t'door we's ha' to cloize;
Bud efther all is said and doin they're heear,
Not one, God bless 'em! sud ah like to loize.

When Betty coom ah hoped we'st ha' no mooar;
(Just reyk that hippin, will yeh, aht o' t'oom.)
Let onny one like me hev hauf a scooar,
They'll finnd they'll ha to tak 'em as theh coom.

This little thing is t'best we've ivver hed;
Oh! bless it! sich a comfort to its mammy;
It gits its pap, an then it goaz to bed;
They say its like ahr Ben, we call it Sammy.

Whaat dids 'em oin it den, mah little pet,
Well, it sal hev its titty den it sal:
Oh! deary me, it maks it sen soa wet:
Here, tak theas clahts and put 'em sideway, Pal.

Nah, childher, will yeh, prayeh du be still,
One cannot hear one's sen, oh, dear! oh, dear!
It's fair enif to mak a body ill,
They're al'ays warst when onny body's here.

Ah knaw barns will be barns, they like to laak,
Bud when one talks, an tells 'em ower an ower;
Nah, Sal, just give 'em all a piece o' caak,
An let 'em, praytheh, go to laak at t'door.

Nah sit yeh still, yees hev a cup o' tea,
It's net so oft a body sees yer faas;
We'er sayin t'other day, ahr Ben an me,
Ye must sewerlee ha' quite forgitten t'plaas.

Nah, Moll, set tul an just git t' tea things aht,
Thah knaws them cups an saucers bran span new,
Just reyk 'em dahn, an mind what ta's abaht,
An try an let fowk see nah what ta can du.

Ah want to git this little thing to sleep;
Here, Moll, tak t'shool an fetch some turly coils,
Then wesh thysen, tha'rt black as onny sweep;
We'll ha' wer tea as soin as t'kettle boils.

An d'yeh say oud Mally Morton's deead?
We heeard shoo're nobbud in a poorish way;
Shoo's latly hed a weary time to lecad;
We talked abaht 'em nobbud t'other day.

Wah! poor oud Johnny he'll be ooanly nah,
An nout's been heeard thro' Jack 'at ran away?
They used to be weel off, an kept a cah
Or two; what fowk nay come to's net to say.

Ah think that lass o' theirs nooan did so weel;
Ah think that chap shoo wed wer nout so smart,
(For a' shoo used to be so heigh i' t'heel),
They say he hawks abaht wi' summat in a cart.

Nah just dhraw tul an mak yersen at hooam,
Ahr Ben he may be other lat or soin;
Yon barns hes got a knife, Sal, tak it thro' 'em,
An keep 'em aht at door wal we ha doin.

Nah hod yer din, a sup o' summat mends it,
Ye knaw ye hev to walk, ye dunnot ride;
It's varry goid; we're friends wi' t'man 'at sends it;
A sup on't does one goid, an warms t'inside.

We've hed some varry tryin' times, ye mind;
A sup o' summat's useful nah an then;
Ben order'd this afore ah'r last confined,
A goid an thoutful chap, ye mind, is Ben.

Or else, ah cannot say wi him and me
'At sperrits is so varry mich i' favour;
Ah think a spoinful in a cup o' tea,
If out, like givs't a raather betther flavour.

When ah've bin aht o' sooarts, an nooan felt breet,
Like stuff'd wi' coud, and cuddent dahn my jock,
Ah've ta'en a sup reyt hot last thing o' t'neet,
An wakken'd up i' t'mornin reyt as t'clock.

Gi' me a sup o' goid hooam-brew'd, ah say,
Ah al'ays think for sich as me it's t'best;
A hauf o' pint or so 'baht twice i' t'day
Is nooan to mich when one's a child at t'breast.

Nah, hev another cup, nah, dooant say nay,
Nah, tak yer hand away, an say ye'll hev't;
Ah knaw ye want to go ye cannot stay:
Ye knaw it's al'ays t'best is t'sup at's left.

An dooant be leng before yeh come agean,
Ah think ye'll manage hoam wal't hods up leet:
Ye knaw ah al'ays say just what ah meean;
Thank me, noa thanks, ye're welcome lad, goid neet!

TOWN AND TRADE OF BRADFORD.

ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN'S VINTAGER'S SONG.

With downy fleece and woven piece
Our good town gains its treasure;
O may its health and wealth increase
Preserved from panic's pressure.
Its skilful sons of enterprise,
May they with it still higher rise,
And have of life full measure.

Our fabrics float o'er ev'ry sea,
To every clime and nation,
To grace the fair where'er they be
Is Bradford's high vocation.
To sing in harmony its praise,
We tunefully our voices raise
In notes of gratulation.

Then here's to Bradford and its trade,
  Its weavers and its spinners,
Its artizans of every grade,
  Bread eaters and bread winners.
May we ne'er hear war's cannons boom,
But spindles whirl and clack of loom,
  And dins that bring us dinners.

May prosper all who here reside,
  Whate'er their race or nation;
May each and all with honest pride,
  Seek Bradford's elevation.
May greed ne'er tarnish its fair name,
Fair be its deeds, fair be its fame,
  World-wide its reputation.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE BRADFORD TOWN HALL,

AUGUST 10TH, 1870.

Events, with the wheeling of time, move so fast,
It seems but as days, though long years have past,
Since Bradford, increasing, was urged on at last
  To appeal to the heads of the nation;

And a chart of municipal right was then given,
For which a large party had ardently striven,
And since which the Corporate body has thriven
By feeding its Corporation.

The great civic feasts and Mayors' rich treats,
Of soups and wines and courses of meats,
Made Aldermen grow so large in their seats
Confinement became past endurance.
When Alderman Farrar, with upraised hand,
In manner majestic, and gesture so grand,
Contended for room in which to expand,
So big had he got with assurance.

And many bright speeches and talk called small
Came from shortest of Members to Broadbent tall,
Respecting erecting a New Town Hall,
Till at last their words were plighted.
Then as to a site they differed in views,
And a sight of wrangling before they could choose
Some got into stews, and some wrote to the *News*,
And many good views were sighted.

At last a spot was fixed on as best
Its cost summed up and put to the test—
And forcibly urged on by one Edward West,
Who then was the Mayor, and presided.

And for his exertions 'twas thought of by all,
The honour on him would deservedly fall
Of laying the foundation-stone of the Hall,—
For which a resolve was provided.

But time wore on, and West's term expired,
And Dawson came in, a man much admired,
Who took the oaths and seals as required,
And again what's been said I will say it.
A mare's nest was made by friends unremitting,
Who said that the layer of the stone most befitting
Was the mayor of the time who, hen-like was sitting,
And wanted to lay and should lay it.

This led to the making a modest request
By Alderman Scott for Alderman West,
That to rescind the resolve would set it at rest,
After which there were speeches long-winded.
'Twas argued the thing was unfair and unjust,
And could not be binding on new men in trust,
And the question was somewhat diffusely discussed,
When at length the resolve was rescinded.

So now to record the event which outshone
All others, though made of contention a bone,
The laying of the first foundation stone
Of Bradford's Town Hall, long projected.

Fixed was the day when the stone should be laid,
And great preparations for show and parade
Were extensively, aye! and expensively made,
And a great display was expected.

By post, invitations dispatched were amain,
For the Halifax Mayor to come with his chain;
And friends from afar to be brought by train,
To join and swell the procession.
And orders were given for a rich repast,
With iced champagne on a scale so vast,
That into the shade would other feasts cast—
Even Mitchell's that made an impression.

Auspicious the morn, when lined was each street,
With sight-seeing people our great Mayor to greet,
To see all our magnates and Bradford's *élite*
Was a sight for the gods to behold.
Men of renown of the gown you might see,
A bishop and canons and one M.P.,
And plumed ones of rank in the line two or three,
And mayors who chained were with gold.

And as elements sometimes are said to jar,
There were those who wound and kill in war,
And doctors who cure, and those of the Bar,
And those with a "saving knowledge."

Men who in pulpits both teach and preach,
To show grovelling man how to upwards reach—
Mitton and Smith, and others, with Leach
In robes of his order at college.

And men were there with remarkable brains,
For 'cuteness in modes of acquiring gains,
But none with a drop of blue blood in his veins,
Save Poole the great auctioneer.
Some who if told what they once were would frown,
For many have risen in this rising town,
But Poole has got up by knocking things down
Belonging to those in arrear.

With some the wish is innate to acquire,
And to gain with them is a burning desire,
And like an ever-consuming fire,
'Tis a feeling they never can quench.
An inordinate thirst some have to be
In Senate, and add to their names M.P.,
And some few who get, as one sometimes may see,
To be Shallows, and sit on the bench.

'Tis strange that men with great acquisitions
Because of their wealth get into positions,
Requiring a knowledge for legal decisions
For which they can have no pretence.

But then there are those in the uppermost class,
If not born to wealth could not wealth amass;
Wealth stands—for the veriest Dogberry ass—
In the place of learning and sense.

I sing not of heroes who win the wreath,
But of those who have raised themselves up from beneath
By *combing* as t'were in spite of their teeth,
From a very humble beginning.
And of those who to wealth have *woven* their way,
And those who have saved by *waste* strange to say,
And those who by *tops* are tip-top to-day,
And those who have whirl'd up by *spinning*.

Right laudable 'tis for men to aspire,
With motto "Excelsior," higher and higher;
The salt of the earth are those we admire,
Who strive for the good of humanity;
But he who aspires himself to raise
To posts of honour, to attract the gaze
Of the vulgar, in order to gain their praise,
Is only a victim to vanity.

Some who affect aristocracy's air
Have gold-banded flunkies and horses a pair.
Whose grandfathers scarcely had shoes to wear—
But 'tis *bootless* this long digression.

Far be it from me to envy or blame,
Or detract from any man's fair risen fame,
Fault-finders would doubtless, so placed, do the same,
So now I will join the procession.

'Twas noticed that some had a look that was arch,
At keepers of peace, stiff locking as starch,
Who led the train in a kind of dead march,
With their chief in uniform dress.
And others were there who the town have well served,
Men who have rarely from what was right swerved,
And he of the *Observer* was there, I observed,
With others belonging the Press.

And here is the place wherein best it chimes,
To mention in these desultory rhymes,
That along with the eminent men of our *Times*,
Was one the greatest of any:
So *tellingly graphic* is he with his pen,
Our morals he *Shields* and exposes bad men,
And he never turns round, excepting that when
His turning will turn him a penny.

There were Farrar, J.P., the pompous and grand,
And Farrar the tall, the maker of band,
And Storey, the famed, who would largely expand
At the feast at which they were sharers.

And children came there in many a troop,
And men and women in many a group,
Outsiders who hadn't a ticket for soup,
  But merely were gapers and starers.

Then came to a stand the great parade,
Where ladies in tiers all their beauty displayed;
Where Brown a speech—not a maiden one—made,
  Though said to be somewhat effeminate.
Where Alderman West, who the stone should have laid,
Held forth, and the Bishop devoutly prayed,
That counsels wise might prevail, and for aid,
  That good might be widely disseminate.

Then the Mayor, the occasion to him so proud,
With wonted politeness most graciously bowed,
And kindly, smilingly, looked on the crowd,
  Like one with compassionate bowels.
And the part of laying he did with a will,
And deposited coins as into a till,
And the trowel he handled with mason-like skill,
  As though he were well used to trowels.

And the ladies so fair who were there to stare,
Admired the Mayor, who did well his share
With mallet and trowel and plummet and square,
  With a true workmanlike celerity.

And papers and records belonging the town,
And who at the time wore England's crown;
And the name Mark Dawson he handed down,
With other great names, to posterity.

When speeches had ended, he waved his hand
To ladies like flowers on a hot-house stand;
And "God save the Queen" was played by the band,
Which told of being "happy and glorious."
For many who stood in the sun I opine,
Would think of the shade and cool iced wine;
And some like old Sol, would be in for a shine,
For 'tis said that the close was uproarious.

THE NEW TOWN HALL AND ITS ROYAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

When Bradford first began its trade,
In that for which it has a name,
And just a few stuff pieces made,
It dreamt not then of future fame.

Then streams ran clear where now are streets,
And healthy trees adorned its valleys,
But now foul odour ofttimes greets
One's nose, from goits and slums and alleys.

Now seen are stately structures grand,
And merchants' homes ornate with gilding;
And signs of wealth on every hand,
Withal a spacious pauper-building.

Devoutly cared for are the people,
And kept in bounds are vice and sin;
Points upwards here and there a steeple,
And Templars good bar use of gin.

Now have we "piping times of peace;"
Past are those plug and Chartist scenes;
Of wealth so great is our increase,
We've raised a line of Kings and Queens.

Our Town Hall shows that we are rich,
Yea, tells a tale of wealth unbounded,
For crowns are seen in every niche—
And then with sovereigns 'tis surrounded.

In sovereign power great Lockwood shines,
Our local senate owns his skill,
And carries out his rich designs
And freely works his sovereign will.

Great George the Fourth, that Prince so gay,
Who tried to gratify each whim;
Whose debts the nation had to pay,—
Thank goodness, we have chisell'd him.

A loyal people are we now,
And seek not Bradlaugh notoriety;
To Kings and Queens we gladly bow,
So ornamental to society.

Some call these statues costly things,
And ask, "What from them shall we reap?"
Pounds sixty-five a-piece for Kings!
Why, goodness gracious me, how cheap!

Ye toiling poor, with what pretence
Can you complain? Thank ye the Fates,
These Kings are raised through Providence,
To help, no doubt, to raise your rates.

They will not need great grants and aids,
Nor guards on chargers bold and dashing,
Nor will they need blithe laundry-maids,
Pours from above will do their washing.

They have no powers they can abuse,
Though they have hearts of stone, I wot:
No ribald language will they use,
But they will be a smutty lot.

Ye Rads. who so of thrones complain,
These Kings will be when you are gone;
O'er ye they will not rule or reign,
But oft will they be rained upon.

Some say the Hall is low and flat,
And that its tower is far too tall,
While some say this, and some say that,
Some say, "It ain't a hall at all."

Some say its style is rich and rare,
Some say it looks its very best,
And quite complete all round and square,
When seen as seen by Edward West.

I think myself 'tis high enough,
When up its cost is summ'd, why zounds!
But after all, to men of stuff,
What is a hundred thousand pounds?

Ye poor, the trifle you will pay
Will be as naught, as go the times,
Ye'll get to know the time of day,
And for your "chink" ye'il have the chimes.

Some say friend West has done his best,
And that he careful is, and minding,
And would not have the poor oppress'd,
But ah! he guilty is of grinding.*

Oh, Edward! how I am deceived,
Much I relied on thy "Thus saith;"
That thou wert saving I believed,
Because thou held'st a saving faith.

* As a corn miller.

I thought thou would'st not sanction waste
On sculptured monarchs, chimes, and paving;
The grace of art, howe'er so chaste,
Is not the grace thy sect calls saving.

One townsman should have had a place,
Who lustre adds to Bradford's glory;
Had he been raised the Hall to grace,
It would have had another *Storey*.

A man who for the million caters,
Who took the place of William Morgan,
Most surely he can have no haters:
Think how he pleased us with the organ.

Of all the men, both great and small,
He is *the* man on whom to pitch
To open with *éclat* the Hall,
Who has an itching for a niche.

This man of influence, and of power,
Should have—I would suggest ere closing—
His statue on the Town Hall's tower,
There, as in life, to look imposing.

I long to see the opening day,
When Grauhan will grandly head his force;
Ye gods! 'twill be a grand display,
The Mayor, perchance, on back of horse,

Illustrious in the grand parade,
  Like Rome's great senators of old,
Our councilmen in robes arrayed
  Will be; the Mayor enchained with gold.

George Poole, in senatorial guise,
  Who in a bit of blue takes pride,
Will look as dignified and wise,
  As wisdom's self personified.

Our orators, deep learned in lore,
  Our Dawsons and our Robertshaws,
Will much resemble those of yore,
  The Antonys and Ciceros.

Famed Storey—known as one of those
  Whose speeches rivet and enthral—
Will be, with his fine Roman nose,
  The greatest Roman of them all.

The bells will ring a merry peal,
  The chimes will make a pretty noise,
And all will quite delighted feel,—
  Especially the little boys.

Just one thing more claims my regard,
  I know there will a banquet be,
Which makes me feel as did the bard,
  Who said, "May I be there to—See."

APOLOGETIC.

The writer wishes to apologise to those gentlemen whose names he has made use of with, perhaps, too great a familiarity. It is, I believe, generally understood that persons who are put forward, or who put themselves forward as official administrators in corporation and other public affairs, render themselves liable to criticism, and are targets for the shafts of the satirist, especially when partisan feeling runs high, and a political bias is shown. Some of the gentlemen have been personal friends of the writer for years, and have the good sense to know that nothing further is meant than a little harmless political banter. When they come to consider how long a bit of jingling rhyme lives, and that they, through the writer, may become to future generations historical personages, and that centuries hence some future Bradford historian may, in searching for historical material respecting the origin of the building of the Town Hall, find in the archives of the then Bradford Libraries, or some future Hailstone's collection of Yorkshire literature, a true and correct account, &c., &c., in verse, the writer thinks that the least they

can do for this service of rendering them immortal, will be to serve him out by presenting him with a service of plate, or any other substantial presentment which he could keep as an heirloom, or pledge for a decent sum, if need be. The descendants of his friend, George Poole, would be able, from the writer's account, to ascertain what the founder of their house had been, and how he had risen, and they would, no doubt, adopt, as one part of their armorial quarterings, the auctioneer's hammer, with a bow of blue ribbon on its handle. Mr. Joseph Farrar, who has risen step by step from selling hats and giving a squib of gin away to each customer who bought a hat, to a seat in the Council Chamber, passing through every grade up to the civic chair, and finally to a perpetual J.P., must be gratified that the writer has made him a prominent personage. The writer has no personal acquaintance with Mr. Farrar, but he has always looked upon Mr. F. as a man with great dignity of bearing, and with the bright shimmering of his spectacles he seems to look like a being that is all-seeing, and his appearance would cause a stranger to enquire, as Theodore Hook once did of a person, if he were some one in particular. The writer must here confess that towards Mr. Storey he sinned in having and harbouring an unchristian bitterness

of political feeling, when he comes calmly to reflect on the great influence for good Mr. Storey exercises in society. Mr. S. has been a great promoter of schemes for supplying the town with water—a necessary commodity for diluting gin and enlarging the quantity of milk. It was said, one very droughty summer, when the town was put on short commons, that no such want would have been felt if Mr. S. had been in the Council. Mr. S. is also a great promoter of religious education, as he himself was brought up under its benign influences, which now govern all his actions for good. No doubt Mr. S. in his social relations is a very genial man, and his name, through the writer, will be transmitted to posterity.

For the sake of posterity, and out of respect to the gentleman who was chief magistrate when those last rhymes were written concerning the Town Hall, the writer will now endeavour to make amends for having omitted his name in those rhymes. M. W. Thompson, Esq., of Park Gate, who is a liberal patron in this little venture, (may his years be many and happy!) was the mayor, and the honour deservedly fell to him to open the Town Hall, which he did on the 9th of September, 1873, with a princely munificence that excited the admiration of every one, and it is only due to the burgesses to inform posterity that

they aided the Mayor in a manner worthy a great people. A procession representing the trades of the town, in all their ramifications, was got up with such an amount of Artistic taste and skill that instead of being a mere childish display as some anticipated it would be, it was a magnificently gorgeous spectacle—a sight for a life-time—outvieing any London Lord Mayor's Show that ever took place in this or any other age. The only drawback, to what otherwise would have been one of the finest sights that ever was seen, was the fall of rain that came to cast a damp on the whole affair; but Bradford posterity will be glad to learn that their ancestors bore the moistening influences with a heroism worthy of a heroic people. Posterity will be pained to learn that the Mayor, for some reason unknown to the writer, neglected to invite him to *see* the banquet; but posterity will be glad to know that the writer bore this piece of neglect with stoical philosophy, and that when he saw the Mayor in the procession biding the pelting of the pitiless storm bareheaded, he felt—to use a figure from the Sacred Book—as if he could have heaped coals of fire upon his head. This, posterity—if it has not degenerated into paganism—will say, was a proper Christian spirit, and becoming a conscientious chronicler and a man of genius.

A MUSICAL SOCIETY.

(A SKETCH.)

Few of those who are mere dabblers in music know the amount of application, and even mental power required to become learned scholars in its very abstruse science. It is a comparatively easy matter to get at the practical part, by persons who have good vocal organs and are possessed of acute ears for measuring sounds. Those are the persons, with aptitude, to acquire taste by cultivation as vocalists and players on instruments, and, following out their bent, pass in society as musicians, whereas, they are only musical elocutionists. Above and beyond knowing the grammatical rules of construction, movements of parts, treatment of themes, rhythm, counterpoint, fugue, and all things pertaining to a knowledge of writing correctly in every department of musical composition, together with a knowledge of the capacity of all orchestral instruments, the accomplished musical scholar would be deeply learned in mathematics and the law of acoustics. Such a person might possibly boast of his attainments, but, as a rule, the most learned are the least pretentious. The saying of that selfish person, who no doubt thought the general diffusion of knowledge would cause him to have his own chimneys to sweep,—"A little learning is a dangerous thing"—has oft been verified in the case of country choirs and musical societies. The young vocalist gets a little knowledge of reading, and he directly becomes an important person, and his small acquirements make him arrogant and quarrelsome with those whom he supposes his rivals. The writer has frequently known quarrels to take place about the most trivial things, such as the abilities of one person over another, yet the rancour engendered would not be very deep or lasting. Music, which may be called the musical ear's greatest luxury, is not, nor can it be a monopoly of the wealthy, although it is said to have refining influences; yet it is frequently cultivated in very rude, out-of-the-way places. The great estimation in which the music of Handel is held by the musical world, the writer is inclined to think, may be attributed to its cultivation in scattered hamlets in these Northern parts of England, where a few miles' tramp of a night to a practice is nothing thought of, if only something can

be sung and played with some body of sound in it, and the singer can get plenty of "mahth hod," which he has ever found to be the case with Handel's music. When those full-chested, strong-voiced Northern sons of song attended the far-famed York Festivals, and made the old walls of the Cathedral to vibrate with "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," 'twas then that Handel was found to be the great and mighty Jove of harmony.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, when Bradford was about a third its present size, there was at that time a very flourishing musical society possessing an excellent library of music, orchestral and vocal, sacred and secular, bearing the euphonious title of the Bradford Philharmonic Society, which was liberally supported by the gentlemen of the town as regards numbers of subscribers. It was managed by a committee composed partly of subscribing members and partly of vocalists and instrumentalists belonging to the band and chorus. Its practice meetings were held, and its public performances were given in the upper room of the Old Exchange (now the Post Office), which room was adapted and principally intended for fashionable dress balls, there being a small gallery across one end for a quadrille band. The band and chorus of the society, when fully assembled, might possibly number from fifty to sixty, got together from the town and surrounding neighbourhood.

It may naturally be supposed this heterogeneous coming together of discordant elements, to produce harmony, would require great diplomatic powers on

the part of the officials to maintain peace. The present postmaster, Mr. Coates, and his brothers, were amongst its leading practical members; being good vocalists and men of musical taste, they, with a few others, generally contrived by a timely arrangement of the annual meetings for the choice of officers to be elected on the committee of management, which was no doubt for the Society's good, and kept it in being longer than it otherwise would, inasmuch as they knew better the requirements of its supporters than those who looked upon the committee as a kind of aristocratic despotism, who spent the money on stars brought from a distance while their musical abilities were kept in the background. The little petty feelings of jealousy and rivalry were more openly indulged in then than now; there may be the same feelings still in existence, but refinement brings with it the power of concealment. The largest part of the money subscribed was spent on one or two second-rate stars at each performance, got from London, Manchester, and Liverpool as the case might be. The band and chorus met for practice once a fortnight. Sometimes the band occupied half the evening with overture practice, and the choral part of the society had the privilege of listening. It frequently happened that when the band was in full swing some unfortunate wight would come

in a bar too soon or a bar too late, when the leader (a respectable man, and a good player in his days) would suddenly turn round, and with his peculiar voice and manner would call out, "Na-na-naa, that's net reyt." If it happened to be the principal Horn, he would stoutly dispute the point with the leader, and if it were the Flute (a mirth-loving little man), he would offer to bet a pint of ale that he was right; and, by the way, the principal Horn was quite a character. He seemed to be well adapted for a practical musician, for his eyes were so constituted that he could keep one on his music and the other on the leader without an effort; but, notwithstanding, he had an instrument of delicate constitution. It always seemed to have a cold, and it took two or three bars playing to clear its throat, and, for anything the audience knew, the player might be producing fundamental notes or forged notes, for they certainly were very startling in their effects, and this was sure to be the case at the commencement of a solo or an obligato passage. He always boldly contended that if he had fair play given him he could "do it," but he seems never to have had fair play shown him, for he never did it. After or before the overture practice, as the case might be, a chorus or two would be rehearsed without conductor, only that the leader was sup-

posed to conduct, but, as he stood behind the singers, he was of little use. If the chorus being rehearsed had an instrumental introduction, the singers might possibly have a fair start, but we were generally warned by the leader calling out "Now then." There was very seldom any reference made to light and shade: sometimes when we were at full shout the leader could be heard with his shrill voice crying "Pie Hannah," then there would be a slight falling off of noise, but, as Hannah did not bring the pie, the leader called out "Forty," and we all went at it "like forty" to the end. Sometimes, by way of indulging in a little wit, the leader would make use of a stereotyped saying that "if we would mind the 'Ps' the 'Heffs' would take care of themselves," followed by a sound such as one hears a young colt make, and accompanied with a grin and an expression of face that was excessively comical. Of course, there was a general laugh, which was an evidence that something funny had been said. At the concerts given the band and chorus were allowed to attend and give their services. Then, it was something to look forward to, to hear Machin sing the "Last Man," "O! Ruddier than the Cherry," or "He layeth the Beams." At that time Henry Phillips was too high a figure to be had, and was considered at the top of the tree.

The most notable tenor that came in the writer's time was a Mr. Walton, of Manchester, who used to enquire every time he came "If there was a heart that ever loved?" Sometimes a few singers belonging to the society were allowed to sing a glee. Then there were two pianists, one of them when playing, in counting his time, would imitate the continuous note of a hurdy-gurdy. After the rehearsals and concerts, especially the latter, the democracy would adjourn to an inn, and then would commence a scene of squabbling and differences. The officials of the society had the privilege of basking in the light of the Stars they had engaged, and it was supposed by the democracy that they indulged in a higher kind of fare, and some of the ill-natured even went so far as to say that they "guzzled" at the expense of the society; but the principal complaint was that too much money was spent on foreign talent; the democracy thought that the natives ought to be encouraged, and they determined when the yearly meeting came, to infuse a greater amount of the democratic element into the management. In this they succeeded. But at this time the subscriptions began to fall off, the subscribers thought that their money had not been well spent, and they got out of patience with the quarrelsome and unruly spirit of the members. However, for a short time native

talent was allowed a little more play. Amongst those of note in their own circle were two tenors. One was a stout person, who, when he sang, held his head on one side, turned up his eyes, tried to look seraphically, but sang very earthly and pronounced his words like an illiterate clod-hopper; he used to sing "O'er Nelsin's Tomb." The other pulled a face when singing as though suffering great internal pain, and his voice sounded as though it was forced through a piece of flannel. The greatest native baritone-cum-basso at that time was Mr. Joseph Coates, who used to sing "The Rover's Flag," "The White Squall," and other dashing songs. At that time the habit of wearing the beard on the upper lip was confined to artists from the Continent, so that it was said by people that if Coates would wear a moustache and assume a foreign name he would be equal to any of them. It is melancholy to think of the gaps that have been made by death since that society existed. Two other natives at one time sang "The Lord is a Man of War." They got across in time and came very near going to war before the audience. But with all this native talent the subscribers seemed to think there were not many talented natives. The society became involved in debt, old Mr. Wade (then of the New Inn) got possession of the music as security for money

advanced, and where that music is now is a mystery to the writer.

During the Society's existence, two or more oratorios were given by it for the benefit of the Infirmary, in Christ Church. The last person who was appointed to lead the Society was a Mr. Baker, who had been musically educated at the Royal Academy of Music, and who had come to reside in Bradford as a professor and music seller. He was a very nice, mild, genial person, and is now living retired at Wakefield, his native place. The only stars that had once figured at the top of the tree as vocalists, that came in the writer's time of being a member, were Mr. and Mrs. Wood. After the Society had fairly broken up, a Mr. Hackett opened a music shop in Cheapside and made a few ventures and brought down Old Lindley, the greatest executant on the violoncello in his day. He also brought the great pianist, Thalberg, and the prince of comic singers, John Parry, who, to the best of the writer's recollection, had also been brought here by the Society in the time of its existence. Julien and his band appeared for the first time in the old Exchange. The great Braham, in his declining days, also performed there, to a not very large audience, at his own risk, unaccompanied by any other artist. Years before, Braham had sung with other stars in an oratorio, or selection, in the Parish Church, a speculation of a Mr. Hopkinson, of Leeds.

It seems strange that those who make famous, and, in the poet's sense, immortalize the works of the great masters—the creators of melodies and harmonies who would not be known but for their interpreters—should have such a short-lived fame. Some, we know, who have delighted the ears of thousands, and have been petted and applauded, have, alas! amid the sunny whirl of excitement, forgotten the rainy day, and that oversight has caused them sadly to experience the fleeting nature of fame. When those vocal organs that could so delight and enrapture have given way, and the power to please has departed, when luxurious habits have been formed, only to make want more distressing, then to have to eke out an existence in obscurity, must be galling indeed, but so it has been. Some have a plethora of fame for a time, and outlive it, while others live unsung, and leave names that live in history.

The persons who figure in the foregoing sketch, whose names are not given, have all, with one or two exceptions, departed this life. The leader and conductor was the late Francis Burton, who, at that time, was the best violinist in the town. He was a plain spoken man, and never made any affected attempt at what is called fine talking; and, like the writer's late friend Scholey, was a very useful man in the musical world of this neighbourhood during his time. The Flute was Mr. Oddy (father of Mr J. C. Oddy), a great lover and perpetrator of practical jokes, but a more genial man could not be met with, and withal a capital flautist. The Horn was one James Hillam, a factotum in the Bradford old band, inasmuch as he was the arranger of its music.

This band, which never made any progress, met for years at the Bull's Head Inn for practice. Hillam was about as crooked in his notions as the horn he blew. The two pianists were Mr. Solomon Clayton, for many years organist at Salem Chapel, and Mr. John Simpson, many years organist at the Parish Church; they, at that time, were the two principal professors in the town. The two tenors were Mr. Samuel Bolton, a man with some musical taste but wanting in cultivation, and your humble servant the writer, who was blind to his own deficiencies, otherwise he would not have exhibited them to other people. The men of war were Mr. Joshua Ackroyd, a man with a fine organ, who, with cultivation, might, if so mindful, have stood prominently out; he is still living, and not long since the writer heard him pour out his fine tones with almost as much vigour as of yore. A Mr. Webster of Tong, was his warrior adversary; he perchance is still living, and was in his best days a king in his own neighbourhood. So there are a few left, living links to connect the last generation of crotchet mongers with the present; and for that reason the writer hopes that the revised reproduction of this sketch will not be unacceptable to his generous Bradford readers.

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ERRATA.

Page 54, line 4, for *lile ou's*, read *lile uns.*

Page 55, line 7, for *reyt ou's*, read *reyt uns.*

Page 84, line 7, for *hard-faced*, read *hard-forced.*

Page 162, line 16, for *nay*, read *may.*

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